Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JUNE, 1922

AMERICA'S RAILWAY FALLACY

BY SAMUEL O. DUNN

THE present policy of Government regulation of railroads and other public utilities is firmly established in the United States. Most people strongly believe in it. Therefore, they will react unfavorably to an indictment charging that it is based mainly on a gross fallacy; that for this reason it has done great and unnecessary harm; and that unless it is rebuilt on a sound foundation it will in time do incalculable injury to every kind of business and every class of people in this country. It is, however, the purpose of the present article to draw and to prove an indictment making these very charges.

I do not attack all Government regulation of railroads and public utilities; but I do attack the prevalent policy of regulation as being based mainly on a wholly unsound principle, and as being not only not in the interest of the public, but a menace to the welfare of the people of the United States.

Persons and concerns in business in this country are divided by our law, as interpreted by the courts, into two classes—one composed of those that are held to render services which are "affected with a public use"; the other composed of those whose businesses are not "affected with a public use".

Nobody questions the soundness of the distinction made by the courts. But a legal principle, and a principle of economics or public policy, are two entirely different things. Our lawmakers and administrative commissions and the public have

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ignored the wide difference between them; and this it is which has caused the upbuilding of our present huge system of government regulation of public service concerns upon the shifting sands of fallacy. What is this gross fallacy on which it is founded? To answer that question it will first be necessary to review certain decisions of our courts.

The Supreme Court of the United States in the "Granger" cases of the 'seventies established the principle that the States had power to regulate the rates charged by a concern engaged in a business "affected with a public use". It was later settled that the Federal Government had like power if the concern did an interstate business. No court has attempted to enumerate all the kinds of concerns that render a "public service" and whose business is "affected with a public use", but, of course, railroads and public utilities are the principal ones.

The courts made clear in these early decisions that the power of Government to regulate the rates of public service concerns grew out of the fact that these concerns were monopolistic or quasi-monopolistic in their nature, and therefore, in the absence of regulation, could and probably would charge the public excessive rates, and make exorbitant profits. The principle that Government could regulate was established to protect the public from such extortion.

The States in succeeding years passed laws drastically reducing the rates of railways and other public service concerns. The courts then established another important principle which was intended to protect public service concerns themselves from extortion by the public. They found that the rates fixed in certain instances rendered the companies unable to earn any return upon their investment. They held that this was in violation of the constitutional provisions which forbid private property to be taken for public use without due process of law or just compensation. They laid down the principle that while the rates of concerns engaged in rendering a public service were subject to regulation, they could not constitutionally be so regulated as to deprive the owners of a fair return upon the fair value of their existing property, because this would be confiscation.

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Now, these decisions of the courts settled only the legal question of what the State and National Governments had power to do. They did not settle, or say, or imply, what, in the public interest, it would be wise for the Governments to do. They settled what could be done with property already in existence. They had no relation whatever to what ought to be or must be done to induce private capital to bring more of the same kind of property into existence. Courts determine questions of law, not questions of public expediency; and what ought to be done to further the interests of the public was and is a question, not of law, but of economics and public policy.

Nevertheless, most of the public and most public men, apparently without detecting any fallacy in their reasoning, jumped to the conclusion that what the courts had held was the extreme limit beyond which Government regulation of public service concerns could not constitutionally be carried, was also the very limit to which, in the public interest, it ought to be pressed. The courts had held that the rates and net return of a railway, for example, could constitutionally be reduced to the very lowest level which would not involve actual confiscation of its existing property, but no further. Our lawmakers and regulating commissions, with the sanction of public sentiment, proceeded rapidly, as a matter of public policy, to establish and build up a system of regulation, the main purpose and effect of which have been and are now to restrict the net returns of railroads to the lowest level which will not involve confiscation.

When one criticizes this policy he is invariably met with the answer that railways are engaged in rendering a public service and, therefore, ought to be so regulated. That statement expresses the great American fallacy. The courts may hold that rates which yield a net return of five or six per cent upon the valuation of a concern do not involve confiscation of its existing property. That settles the law; rates that will yield only five or six per cent may then legally be fixed and enforced. But it does not settle or have anything to do with the question of what return it is to the public interest that the concern should be allowed to earn. The Government is held by the courts to have many powers. It is held, for example, to have a practically un-

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limited power to tax. But nobody ever uses the fallacious argument that because the Government's power to tax is practically unlimited it ought to impose practically unlimited taxes. Why then, say, that because the Government has the constitutional power to reduce the rates and net returns of public service concerns to a level where confiscation will be barely avoided, it is the Government's duty to the public to do this?

It is the Government's duty to the owners of the existing property of a public service concern not to confiscate it. But it is also the Government's duty to the public to follow a policy which will permit and encourage such improvement and enlargement of a public service concern's property as will enable it to render as much better and as much more service as the public needs. Now, the measure of what return will not confiscate the existing property is not, never was and never will be the measure of what return the company must earn to be able adequately to improve and enlarge its property. A return of five or six per cent may not be confiscatory of the existing property; but at the same time a return of eight or ten per cent may be necessary to enable it to raise enough additional capital to provide necessary additional service. In that case, for the Government to restrict it to five or six per cent directly injures the public, by preventing the concern from providing needed service. The fact, however, that, as a matter of public policy, any limit except that of confiscation should ever be set to regulation, has never been recognized in any regulatory law passed in this country except the Transportation Act. This act requires the Interstate Commerce Commission in fixing rates to consider the public's need for adequate transportation; but strenuous efforts are now being made to repeal even this provision on the ground that it tends to make rates high.

Let us now take up the very practical question of what effects actually have been and are being produced because those who have passed and administered our regulating laws have failed to recognize the broad distinction between (1) the way the courts have held the Government can regulate public service concerns, and (2) the way sound principles of economics and public policy dictate that it should regulate them.

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On one side we have that large class of persons and concerns that are engaged in agricultural, mining, manufacturing, mercantile and financial pursuits, and that are held not to be engaged in rendering public services, and, therefore, not subject to regulation. Many of them produce commodities or render services that are necessary; but they include all those that provide us with luxuries. They include those that build passenger automobiles, those that provide "movies" and cigarettes, those that make silk shirts, jewelry, cosmetics and chewing gum. I do not mention these particular industries of luxury in any spirit of depreciation or criticism whatever, but merely as specific illustrations that throw light on our governmental policy. All these concerns that are held not to render any public service are free to add to the capitalizations of their actual investments as much water as they like. Neither Government nor public sentiment will protest. They are free to make any profit they can. It may be six per cent, or it may be 600 per cent. The more it is, the more the public admires and applauds. Some of the very largest fortunes in the country have been built up from nothing in a very few years in these industries of luxury.

Concerns not engaged in rendering a public service may pay any salaries they please. A Postmaster-General of the United States recently has accepted from the moving picture industry a salary twice as large as that paid to any railroad president in this country. One of our larger steel companies pays its president a salary greater than the combined salaries of any dozen of our railway presidents. Does not the public, when it buys the product or service of a concern that is not engaged in a public service, pay the profits it makes or the salaries of its officers, just as truly as it pays those of concerns held to be engaged in a public service?

We have looked upon that picture; now look upon this. On this side we have all those enterprises that are engaged in rendering what are called "public services": railroads, street railways, electric light and power companies, gas companies, etc. The courts held that because of their monopolistic or quasi-monopolistic nature they might charge the public excessive rates and make exorbitant profits, and that therefore they were subject to

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regulation of their charges. On this foundation we have built a system of regulation which has made public service concerns, and especially railway and traction companies, the Ishmaels of the business world. We jumped to the utterly fallacious conclusion that the only way to make sure their rates always would be reasonable was to restrict their net returns as much as the courts would allow. It was decided that in order adequately to control their net returns, they must be prevented from issuing any securities except those representing actual investment. Knowing that in many instances the outstanding securities do not represent actual investment, we have developed elaborate engineering and accounting methods of evaluating their physical properties; and we exhaust our ingenuity in devising means of so regulating their rates as to keep their net returns on these valuations just as low as the courts will not hold confiscatory.

In the case of the railroads regulation originally intended merely to protect the public from extortion has been extended to almost every detail of their business, including the wages and working conditions of their employees. It has not yet reached the salaries of their higher officers; but these, although small compared with the incomes of men of equal ability and responsibilities connected with other large concerns, have become the objects of constant attack; and recently a bill was introduced in Congress to fix a maximum for railway salaries of $15,000.

Ever since this system of regulation was put into full effect the railways and most public utilities have been earning relatively lower and lower net returns as compared with those of other important industries. Between 1910 and 1915 the net income (after paying interest and all Government taxes) of all the corporations in the United States increased one-half, while the net income of the railways declined one-third. In 1917, the last year of private operation before Government control, although the railways handled the largest business in their history to that time—a business more than one-half greater than in 1910—their net income was but one per cent greater than in 1910—and the net income of all the corporations of the United States was 160 per cent greater than in 1910! Could any statistics show more strikingly the difference in the tendencies of profits in the

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railway and in other businesses both before the war and during the war years? And to-day, with the war behind us over three years, on the pretense that it is regulation in the public interest, the railways are being forced to give their employees working conditions more favorable, and wages relatively higher than those obtaining in almost any other industry, or even than obtained during the war, although at this very time the railways as a whole are earning returns much smaller than in former years and much smaller than any court ever held fair and reasonable.

What has been the effect upon the welfare of the public itself of the incorporation in our public policy of this remarkable distinction between these two classes of concerns? We have seen within recent years a remarkable expansion of concerns not engaged in rendering public services. Our mining, manufacturing and mercantile businesses have grown fully as much in proportion as in earlier years. We have seen the manufacture of automobiles grow from almost nothing into one of the largest industries in the country. A few months ago I made a careful compilation of statistics which seemed to show that in the year 1920 the people of the United States, without including their investment in highways, spent more for automobile transportation than for all their railroad transportation.

While great expansion, resulting from vastly increased investment, has been the rule in the class of industries held by the courts not to render any public service, the tendency in practically all industries which are held to render such service, and which are, therefore, subjected to Government regulation, has been in exactly the opposite direction. In the four years ending with 1912 railroad and traction companies issued four billion dollars in securities, and industrial companies less than three billions. In the four years ending with 1920 railroad and traction companies issued one and three quarter billions of securities, and industrial companies over seven billions. In consequence, there is agitation and outcry in almost every city in the country because the development of street railway lines has utterly failed to keep pace with the growth of population and traffic. Almost everywhere the cars during rush hours are overcrowded to the point of indecency and of danger to the public health.

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The most striking example of all is afforded by the railroads. Their development kept pace with that of the other industries of the country until about 1910, when the present system of regulation began to be applied with its full rigor. Since that time the percentage of net return earned by them on the investment in property shown by their books has gone steadily downward; in 1921 it was the smallest in any year in the more than thirty years that the statistics of the Interstate Commerce Commission have been kept—less even than in 1894. Their development has gone steadily downward with their net return. Divide the last sixteen years into four periods of four years each, and you will find that the development of the railroads has been less in each period than in the preceding period; and in the last four years they tore up more miles of line and "scrapped" more locomotives and cars than they built.

What does all this mean? It means that as a result of the legally sound, but economically unsound, distinction that we make between concerns which do and concerns which do not render a public service, we are directly encouraging the development of many industries which are highly desirable but relatively non-essential and directly discouraging the development of industries which are absolutely essential. As a matter of public policy,—to state the facts in their baldest form,—we are encouraging the manufacture of chewing gum and discouraging the provision of electric lights and power. As a matter of public policy we are encouraging the manufacture of cosmetics and silk shirts and discouraging the provision of good and adequate street railway service. As a matter of public policy we are encouraging the increase of "movie" shows and discouraging and actually making impossible the adequate development of railways.

Could anything be more fantastic, and even mad, than a governmental policy which permits unlimited profits and large fortunes to be made in, and thereby encourages the vast growth of, industries which are relatively non-essential, and which at the same time restricts to the lowest limit permitted by constitutional limitations the profits that can be earned in, and consequently discourages or actually prevents the development of, concerns that render services that are absolutely essential to the

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public welfare? Or am I wrong, and is it more essential to the public welfare for the people to have plenty of chewing gum, cosmetics, "movies," cigarettes, and silk shirts than for them to have enough street cars to ride to and from their work, enough lights for their homes and enough railways on which to ship their goods?

The country already has felt in inadequate public utility and railroad service some of the effects of the stupid distinction our Governments, for at least ten years, have been making in dealing with different classes of industries. But the effects the public has thus far felt have been negligible compared with the effects it will feel in future, unless a different policy is adopted. We are overlooking the fact that there is a vital inter-dependence between all classes of industries, and that no large group of industries can long prosper and develop unless all other large groups prosper and develop also.

The volume of commerce possible depends upon the volume of production; and the volume of production possible depends upon the amount of transportation that can be furnished. The policy I am criticizing has resulted in facilities of production and commerce expanding far more than means of transportation. Our almost unbroken experience in the four years ending with 1920 clearly demonstrated, however, to those who carefully studied the matter, that the time when our production and commerce could increase more in proportion than our means of transportation had passed. There never was a time from the beginning of the year 1917 to the end of the year 1920, except during a few months in 1919, when the railways could or did handle all the freight offered to them. The productive capacity of our industries is greater now than ever before. When general business revives our industries will offer the railways more freight to transport than ever before. Unless there is speedily an expansion of our railways much greater than now seems probable, or even possible, the railways will not be able to handle anywhere near all this business; and the amount of production and commerce we can carry on will be correspondingly restricted.

What any manufacturing plant can produce depends on the amount of fuel and raw materials that can be taken to it and the

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amount of finished products that can be taken away. The size of the crops the farmers can grow is limited by the amount they can market; and they cannot market any larger crops than our means of transportation can move. As the available means of transportation determine the amount of production that can be carried on, they likewise indirectly determine the amount of commerce that can be carried on. You cannot buy and sell what cannot be produced.

Now, of course, in the long run, the amount of profits that can be made in industry and commerce depends upon the amount of things that can be produced and bought and sold. If you limit the amount of things that can be produced and bought and sold, you necessarily limit the profits that can be made in producing, and in buying and selling. The conclusion to which this reasoning leads is plain. *The governmental policy of strictly limiting the profits allowed to be made by railroads and public utilities must inevitably result, sooner or later, in limiting correspondingly the profits that can be made in all lines of industry and commerce.* The present policy of regulation is intended to enable the farmer, the manufacturer, the jobber, the merchant, to increase their profits at the expense of the railways and public utilities, and thus far it has had that result. But its ultimate effect must be to limit the profits of all these other concerns and persons as drastically as those of the railways and public utilities themselves.

Labor union leaders and persons of Socialistic tendency may not feel deep concern over this conclusion. They may fancy that the general curtailment of profits will result in higher wages and other benefits for labor. But nothing could be farther from the truth. Increases in employment and in the real wages of labor are dependent upon the expansion of production, commerce and transportation. Since this policy tends directly to restrict the expansion of production, commerce and transportation, it tends directly to reduce both the demand for labor and its real wages.

It may be said I paint too gloomy a picture—that the good sense of the American people will prevent this policy of undue discrimination by the Government between concerns rendering a public service and concerns not rendering a public service from being pursued until it has produced such results as I have antic-

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ipated. But history is replete with examples of public sentiment and statesmen regarded as great having persistently given effect to policies intended to benefit the public which finally produced ruinous effects. I maintain that our present policy of so regulating railways and public utilities as to restrict them to the lowest net return that will avoid confiscation of their properties for the ostensible purpose of promoting the public welfare is one of the most flagrant examples of economic and political quackery that the world has ever seen.

I wish to emphasize again that what I have discussed is not an attack upon any class of industries or upon all Government regulation of railroads and public utilities. In some important respects railroads and public utilities are a peculiar class of business concerns; and they should be regulated to deprive them of opportunity and ability to practice extortion upon the public. What I attack is the utterly unsound theory that they should be so regulated as to prevent them from being managed according to the same general business principles as other business concerns and as to prevent them from earning ordinary business profits. The fact that they render a peculiar service and are properly subject to regulation does not in the least alter the fact that if they are to be economically and efficiently managed, their managers must be highly paid men of ability and must be allowed that wide scope for initiative and freedom of action which is essential to the successful management of every other kind of concern. The fact that they are properly subject to Government regulation does not in the least alter the fact that when other classes of business concerns must pay 6, or 7, or 10 per cent to raise new capital, railways and public utilities cannot raise new capital for a scintilla less than 6, or 7, or 10 per cent; and if they are not allowed to earn enough to pay the market rate of return they cannot raise new capital. The fact that they are properly subject to regulation does not give them any more power than other concerns to provide improved or increased service without raising and investing additional capital.

In other words, full recognition of the principle that these concerns render a service affected with a public use and are properly subject to regulation does not give them the least im-

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munity from any of those economic conditions, or necessities, or disabilities, to which other kinds of business concerns are subject; and, therefore, it will always be an economic impossibility for them to increase and improve the service they render the public, unless the public allows them year by year to enjoy as great prosperity on the average as other classes of concerns.

But, it may be said, as it often is said, these concerns in rendering a public service really perform a function of government. If the Government owned and operated them it would not be under the economic necessity of deriving as large net returns from their ownership and operation as those earned by other kinds of concerns. Therefore, either their present owners should willingly accept smaller returns than those earned in other businesses, or the Government should take over their ownership and operation.

This argument for Government ownership and management has been made and answered many times, and I shall not try to answer it here, except to say that, economically speaking, it is just as good an argument for Government ownership of all industries as for Government ownership of some. One thing, however, is certain. If our policy of Government regulation is to be successful and not drive us into Government ownership, we must throw overboard forever the glaring fallacy that concerns engaged in a public service should be regulated to the point of confiscation, simply because it is not unconstitutional to do so. The constitutional power to tax is the power to destroy, but we do not therefore conclude that in the public interest the power to tax should be used to destroy legitimate businesses. The power to regulate railroads and public utilities is the power to so restrict their profits as, without confiscating their present properties, to make further expansion of these properties, and increase and improvement of the service rendered with them impossible; but the public welfare plainly demands, not that the power of government shall continue to be so used to this end, but that it shall cease to be so used.

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PROHIBITION AND PRINCIPLE

BY REV. JOHN COLE McKIM

THE recent utterances of religious leaders on the subject of Prohibition have seemed to involve a confusion of thought which has caused distress or amusement according to the attitude toward religion of particular individuals. Ecclesiastics are, like other men, liable to occasional confusion of mind and, though I hope less often, to overhastiness in public utterance. But not all of these utterances are mutually inconsistent, though it seems to add to the *joie de vivre* of the public to picture embattled Bishops turning their weapons against each other. The President of the Council of the Episcopal Church (Dr. Gailor) and the Bishop of New York (Dr. Manning) are really emphasising different aspects of a perfectly consistent principle when the one warns us of the iniquitous character of the Volstead Act and the other reminds us that it is a part of the law of the land. On the other hand, this utterance from a Kansas clergyman is difficult to reconcile to any known Christian principle: "Americans who are violating the Eighteenth Amendment are the *worst* menace this country has to-day. They . . . cry out in horror over . . . murders and robberies . . . but they themselves are *equally* criminal." (Quoted in *The Living Church* of March 25, 1922. The italics are mine.) Such utterances are destructive of the distinction between right and wrong.

The interconsistency of the Bishops' declarations becomes apparent if we correlate the whole series of questions raised by the Volstead Act to certain familiar categories. These categories are

A 1.—Right and Wrong. } Opposites.
  2.—Legal and Illegal. }

B 1.—Order and Law. } Associated Ideas.
  2.—Liberty and Equality. }

A-1.—Traditional Christianity has always entertained an irrebuttable presumption in favor of right over wrong, and since

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the Church is committed to the proposition that the beverage use of wine cannot be, in all circumstances, wrong,[1] Churchmen can scarcely escape the corollary that a law which forbids such use in all circumstances infringes upon a rightful liberty. An ecclesiastic is, therefore, acting consistently with Christian tradition when he denounces such a law as iniquitous.

A-2.—But the Church has also entertained a strong though rebuttable[2] presumption in favor of that which is legal over that which is illegal. The strength of this presumption is such that it cannot be overthrown solely by the fact that a given law is iniquitous to the extent of interfering with a human and Christian liberty, though the fact that a law involves such interference should move right-thinking men to labor (while they tolerate it) for its repeal or modification. An ecclesiastic is not, therefore, doing violence to Christian tradition when he urges his ecclesiastical subjects to tolerate, so long as it remains in force, such legislation as is embodied in the Volstead Act; but it would be a negation of Christian morals for him to suggest that the purchaser of wine is upon the same moral level as the murderer, robber or adulterer. Christians may rightfully labor for the repeal of the Volstead Act, and, in the event of such repeal, may make temperate use of such beverages as are by law permitted. They may not rightfully labor for the repeal of the laws forbidding murder, robbery, and adultery and, even in the event of such repeal, would be deemed wicked for committing these crimes.

Most Catholic moralists would, I think, hold that, in certain extreme cases, the letter of the Volstead Act *ought* to be violated. Such a case might quite possibly arise where a physician, wishing to prescribe spirituous liquor for a patient critically ill, finds that he has exhausted his supply of legal blank forms. If the parents or kinsfolk of the patient, being made aware of the doctor's opinion and, perhaps, informed that life might depend upon it, were to secure whiskey illegally, they would stand absolved in the court of Christian morals—to say nothing of common sense. If that

[1] This point was argued at length in an article entitled *Christianity Versus Prohibition* which appeared in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of July, 1918.

[2] The presumption is overthrown when it is clear that the law forbids the performance of an essential Christian duty or requires the performance of that which is sinful, as was the case in the day of persecution under the ancient Roman Empire and elsewhere

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be admitted, then, since it cannot be wrong to sell what it is right to buy, the vendor must also be excused. A law which operates to prevent one from doing what he ought to do is not a good law, and when it so operates, the ordinary Christian presumption in favor of legality is overthrown.

B-1.—The Church has always stood for "Law and Order", but it places its major emphasis upon order rather than upon law (in the sense of legislation). The ideas are associated because, in human society as at present constituted, sound legislation is necessary to the preservation of order; but it does not follow that every item of legislation (which is sometimes mistaken or whimsical) tends to preserve order or is even consistent with it. It is order that constitutes the abiding principle, as being a part of the Divine purpose. Laws may be and often have been iniquitous or tyrannical. Therefore the Church's presumption in favor of human laws is affected by a major presumption in favor of order.

B-2.—Liberty and Equality . . . "or Death", added the French Communists of the first Revolution. Death was an outstanding feature of that Revolution, for the Commune placed its major emphasis upon equality: and in death, certainly, all men are equal. The living are often moved by a predilection for liberty, and in this they have with them the living Church with its insistence upon free-will. The insistence in our own Declaration of Independence upon life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness as being Divine gifts stands in sharp and Christian contrast to the Commune's doctrine of an equality to be found only in that death which is as much eternal sleep as eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. These principles and presumptions, though they form an integral part of the Christian philosophy, are now widely maintained by others than Christians because they perceive that it is only for the sake of order that laws have their *raison d'être*, and that in ordered freedom is to be found the best possible atmosphere for the development of institutions conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. It seems an inevitable consequence of these Christian premises that such legislation as the Volstead Act is iniquitous and should for this reason be opposed, but that, ordinarily, so long as it remains law, it should be tolerated in the very interests of that

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order against which, as against justice and liberty, it so gravely offends.

I deal with the Volstead Act rather than with the Eighteenth Amendment of the Constitution. The Amendment was well worth opposing before it was enacted, because it embodied an attempt to interfere with a just liberty and because, belonging properly to the class of special legislation, its inclusion in a document meant to set forth the form and constitution of our Government mars what used to be, among such documents, a unique example of logical composition. For the same reasons, there is everything to be said for the formation of a public sentiment which will necessitate the repeal of this Amendment, but to bring repeal immediately within the range of practical politics it would be necessary to inform reasonable opponents of Prohibition with the selfish fanaticism which is capable of sacrificing every other interest to its own ends and of exploiting a nation's war-agony for the fulfilment of its purposes.

Again (and this is further evidence of its essentially unconstitutional nature) the Eighteenth Amendment (unlike, for instance, the Nineteenth) requires a great deal of supplementary legislation to render it effective. This becomes all the more clear when we ponder the fact that although the Amendment is directed against the beverage use of all intoxicating liquors without specifying any particular intoxicating ingredient, and against that use only, the enforcing legislation, declared to be constitutional, contemplates only one intoxicating ingredient, interferes with other than beverage uses, and prohibits the beverage use of liquors which are not in fact intoxicating.[3]

Consequently, though its largely ineffectual and meaningless character makes the Eighteenth Amendment all the more a blemish upon our Constitution, it is toward legislation professedly based upon it that advocates of ordered liberty may best direct their immediate attention.

Since the courts have held that the Congress may define the

[3] It is certain that the digestive organs of the normal adult could not accommodate a fluid containing one half of one per cent of alcohol in sufficient quantities to inebriate him. A common sense definition of an intoxicating beverage would seem to be that of a fluid which would probably inebriate the average adult if taken in normal beverage quantities.

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word "intoxicating", and have virtually determined that this definition need not correspond with fact, the Anti-Saloon League must make the best of a power that is probably ephemeral, since it appears to be based upon balances of power in contested elections rather than upon the deliberate wishes of a majority of the American people. For if it be constitutional to define as intoxicating that which most of us believe to be non-intoxicating, it must be equally constitutional to define as non-intoxicating that which most people believe to be intoxicating (e.g. an alcoholic content of 90%).

Since the courts have acknowledged the adequacy of legislation specifying but one intoxicating ingredient, though the language of the Eighteenth Amendment applies equally to all, it seems clear that not more than one need be mentioned. It need not, then, have been alcohol. It might just as well have been an altogether different class of beverage outlawed at the dictation of an Anti-Caffein League.

It has been suggested that the manufacture of wine and beer for beverage purposes be permitted on the understanding that this industry be taxed for the relief of disabled veterans. It would, perhaps, be better if these questions were kept apart, but a few words of caution with regard to the taxation of beverages seem necessary. It is of course the merest justice that wines and beer should bear, along with other commodities, their fair share of the burden of taxation; but the exploitation of a particular trade as an easy source of revenue is bound to be a cause of much evil and corruption. The fanatical pre-prohibition idea of taxing "demon rum" out of business was not only an offence against justice (since any tolerated business should enjoy the same protection as other legitimate trades) but was also fallacious, since the consumer was too often found willing, at the cost of much injustice to his other obligations, to meet the prices thus artificially enhanced.

Assuming that the tax upon these beverages will come to about twenty cents the gallon, which would probably provide a sum sufficient to meet the needs of disabled veterans, it ought to be possible to determine a maximum retail price to the ultimate consumer. One dollar a gallon for beer, and perhaps one and a half dollars for wine, without additional charge (except for returnable

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containers) for smaller quantities, would give the manufacturers a fair yield upon their investment, but would make it to their interest to keep middlemen's profits as low as possible, so that the saloon as an institution deriving its principal profits from the sale of these beverages would tend to disappear, and restaurateurs would stock them as an accommodation to their patrons rather than as a source of immediate profit to themselves.

Acting upon the logic which led it to sanction the Volstead Act, the Supreme Court can scarcely disallow the constitutionality of any act supplementary to the Eighteenth Amendment because of the limitation (high or low) imposed upon the alcoholic content of beverages. But opponents of Prohibition who wish to respect the dignity of our Constitution will not care to urge (as Prohibitionists have successfully urged) a ludicrous interpretation of this unfortunate Amendment. They will not ask for an alcoholic content in liquors which, if taken in normal beverage quantities, will be likely to inebriate the average adult. That is to say, they will scarcely protest against a law which assumes that a beverage containing more than ten per cent of alcohol may have this effect. This would permit the sale of several sorts of wine and mixed drinks and beer (which to be beer need not have a content of more than from three to five per cent); would allow the importation from France of a commodity the marketing of which will greatly aid our associates in the late war in their efforts to meet honorably their onerous obligations; and would also make it to the interest of the manufacturers to eliminate the bootlegger, who could scarcely, in any case, hope to compete with a low maximum price.[4]

JOHN COLE MCKIM.

[4] This would be all the more likely if special permits, issued to all manufacturers, but readily revocable upon presumptive evidence of illegal conduct, allowed the manufacture of stronger liquors for Sacramental and medical purposes and for the making of mixed drinks which would be mixed and bottled in the factories.

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THE YOUTH OF GERMANY

BY CHARLES B. DYAR

THE question is often asked whether Germany is really and thoroughly Democratic and likely to remain so. It cannot be adequately answered without an inquiry into the temper and aspirations of the younger generation of Germany to-day, the generation which will rule and control the policies of the Germany of tomorrow. The German Constitution of Weimar is a liberal document. Its first article proclaims that the German Reich is a Republic and that the sovereignty is vested in the people. The President of the Republic is a Socialist and a man of the people. However, no amount of superficial indications which present themselves to the casual glance to-day should be permitted to obscure the ferment below from which the new Germany will in time emerge. It is a melancholy but indisputable fact that the trend of the academic youth of Germany is not toward Liberalism and Democracy but toward a revival of Prussianism with all its essential attributes. The educated youth of Germany to-day, the young men who will be Germany's statesmen, lawyers, doctors, scientists and technicians tomorrow, are reactionary in thought and purpose and look up to the ideals of a past which was rich in the glories which they have been taught to cherish.

The development of the German youth during the Great War was along lines not anticipated by statesmen and educators. In the beginning of the war, indeed, there was great enthusiasm among the youth. There were over a million volunteers; the German boys thronged into the various boy scout organizations where retired officers instructed them in the elements of military training; Pan-German patriotism was rampant; there was no trace of opposition to the war. As the war went on, however, fathers of families were called to the colors, many mothers took up war work, and young boys and girls advanced to positions bringing incomes far beyond that to which they had formerly been

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accustomed, and the lack of restraining influence at home and in associations made itself felt in an increasing degree. Juvenile delinquency had increased 600 per cent in Prussia in 1917, and complaints of profligacy and waywardness of the youth became general. Even the military authorities were forced to take cognizance of this, and after the experience of the Battle of Ypres late in 1914, when two regiments of new recruits were wiped out, no further units composed exclusively of boys were organized; a certain percentage of older men was brigaded with each new unit in order to insure reliability. Efforts at home to check the wastefulness and waywardness of the youth were not particularly successful. In many parts of Germany the military authorities issued orders compelling youthful ammunition workers to deposit part of their wages in savings banks. A strike by these youths in the district of the Twelfth Army Corps in Magdeburg resulted in the withdrawal of the savings bank order. Late in the war the so-called Revolt of the Youth, which was a disturbing factor in Allied countries as well, had made substantial progress and laid the foundation for Radical movements to come. A noticeable tendency towards intransigency pervaded the youth at home. The revolution of November, 1918, fell seemingly on fertile ground.

It soon became evident, however, that in the general chaos and distress which prevailed in Germany after the retreat and disbandment of the great German Army the ideal of Democracy was lost sight of and youth inclined toward the two extremes of reaction and Communism. In December, 1918, the late Professor Liszt, a prominent German Democrat, complained bitterly of the failure of the German students to espouse the cause of the new Republic. He was unable to understand why the German students, who had in the past, and particularly in the inspiring but short-lived Revolution of 1848, stood in the front ranks of the strivers for unity and freedom, could hesitate to come to the support of a new Democracy which promised to do away with outlived prejudice and privilege and to establish liberty, equality and fraternity in the Fatherland. The task of the German youth of 1918 was to liquidate the heritage of Bismarck, the nation of iron and blood, and to proclaim new ideals for the new Germany; but the inspiration of the moment was not caught, or if caught was

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dulled by pressing physical want. No new leader was forthcoming whose example could inspire the multitude. The demagogues of reaction and communism vied with each other in ensnaring the bewildered youth.

The reasons for the present super-Nationalist attitude of the German students, which has been a cause of concern to many close observers of after-war Germany, are not difficult to find. Very many of the older students were officers in the war and practically all of them were in the army or some branch of war work. Those who were at the front, and that is the great majority, were involved in the desperate battles of the retreat before the Allied armies late in 1918. They had no time to ponder on the rapid developments at home, the collapse of Bulgaria and Austria-Hungary, and Ludendorff's demand for an immediate armistice. The students who returned from the front were readily open to the insidious argument of the defeated militarists, that the army had been knifed in the back by the people at home. They were prejudiced against the new Government which seemed to them responsible for the distress which prevailed at home. The revolution was made the scapegoat for the maladministration, graft and profiteering which had in fact grown up under the Imperial régime. The depreciation of the German mark and the consequent difficulty of providing for subsistence were laid at the door of the Republic. It is estimated that two-thirds of the German students are forced to do outside work to pay their way through the university, but this economic distress has been no check to chauvinism. The mode of thought of the students is that which prevailed in the universities before and during the war. The German universities have always been essentially conservative institutions. The same professors are lecturing to the German students to-day who instilled the ideals of Imperial Germany into the youth before the war. The same professors are teaching in the universities of Republican Germany who defended and extolled the policies and methods of the Imperial German Government and military authorities. On the occasion of a recent celebration of the anniversary of the Battle of Tannenberg, the degree of LL.D was conferred upon General Ludendorff by the University of Königsberg. The diploma

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celebrates Ludendorff as the "Master of Generalship, the Liberator who freed our East Prussian soil from the plundering and burning Russian hordes, the Hero who protected with the sharp blows of his undefeated sword the German people, surrounded by a whole world of rapacious enemies, until it trusted in false words and forsook its unbroken Army and its strong leaders." In the high schools and academies the majority of the instructors are still reactionary, while in the lower schools democratic teachers have been able to establish themselves. It is clearly difficult for young men trained in the Prussian interpretation of history to become enthusiastic for a form of government which they were taught to look down upon as something inferior and un-Teutonic.

The German Nationalists were quick to see the possibilities of winning over the youth of Germany to their side. Very soon after the Armistice, favored by the unexpected forbearance of the people, they started an insidious campaign of propaganda among the youth which was all the more effective because of the utter lack of Republican propaganda in opposition. This Nationalist propaganda has been constantly developed and improved. The Nationalist leaders have devoted their time and energy to its perfection. Huge funds have been placed at their disposal by German industrial magnates. In a thousand different ways monarchist and chauvinist propaganda has been spread abroad. New juvenile pamphlets and newspapers have been published and widely distributed, in which the youth are exhorted to be mindful of the glories of the old Empire and to look forward to and prepare for the Day when retribution must be visited on France and Poland, and Germany is to get back all that has been unjustly taken away from her. The doctrine of revenge is preached openly. Particular attention has been paid to the various boy scout organizations, *Wandervogels*, etc., in many of which reactionary influence is now predominant. In a *Manual for the Guidance of Boy Scout Leaders*, published in Berlin in 1921, particular emphasis is laid on the value of "military exercises, military marching, 114 steps per minute, night sham battles on difficult ground, surprise attacks in military formation, military leaders to instruct the youth in military land- and woodcraft." Picture postcards with photographs of the ex-Kaiser, the ex-

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Crown Prince and other members of the Hohenzollern family are now displayed in the windows of stationers all over Germany. Rally meetings for the youth, which are addressed by retired officers or other reactionary leaders, are of frequent occurrence and have a provocative effect. Prominent Generals like Ludendorff, Hoffmann, Lettow-Vorbeck, and Von der Goltz, take active part in militarist demonstrations the principal object of which is to make an impression on the youth.

The Nationalist propaganda has been successful far beyond the hopes of those who started it. It has been alike effective in the rural districts, which have always been strongholds of conservatism, and in the cities, where its success is more conspicuous. The juvenile organizations of the German People's Party have practically identified themselves with the Nationalist Youth, and reactionary influence is strong in many of the juvenile organizations of the great Clerical party. The more sanguine of the Nationalists are convinced that the instruments of Germany's revenge have already been found; the soberer leaders advise a policy of waiting and reserve until the new generation has taken its place in control of the State. The Kapp revolt in March, 1920, found the German students and the rest of the Nationalist Youth arrayed solidly on the side of the rebels who tried to overthrow the Republican Government. The students were prominent in all the fighting of those days, and their ruthlessness in combatting their own countrymen, the proletarian "enemy" who stood up for the Republic, provoked most bitter feeling. The Kapp revolt demonstrated that the students had alienated themselves from the masses of the people. They failed to respond to the instinctive resistance of the people to a plan to reinstall the old militaristic régime.

The attitude of the Nationalist Youth toward the Jews is a striking example of the intolerance which prevails in German reactionary circles. Uncompromising hatred of the Jews is one of the tenets of the reactionary creed. Jewish influence is blamed for the loss of the war and the corruption which followed. The Democratic Government is termed a Jewish gang and the new Republican flag a Jewish rag. The convention of the student corps at Eisenach in August, 1920, passed resolutions barring

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all "non-Aryans" from membership in the student corps and expelling many Jews and Socialists who were members. The feudal student corps still adhere to the duelling and beer drinking which form part of their tradition. The student with gashed face and head is no less common than before the war.

Practically the only step in the direction of liberalism which has been taken by the German students since the war is the organization of self-governing bodies in the universities and of a national student convention for the whole of the country. Even the exclusive student corps have found it necessary to coöperate with other student organizations in matters which affect the student body. The student elections in January, 1921 showed Nationalist majorities ranging from 90 per cent in Giessen and 85 per cent in Königsberg to 66 per cent in Berlin. Delegations of all the feudal student corps were sent to the funeral of the ex-Kaiserin in Potsdam in May, 1921, and lent color to a ceremony which was conducted with all the pomp known to the old régime. American Quakers have extended their relief work to several of the German universities, but the students of the University of Erlangen, in Bavaria, declined the Quakers' offer to provide free board for needy students with the statement that the Quakers should first have the Peace Treaty revised.

The notion that America "betrayed" Germany at Versailles, and must be held to an accounting for it, is prevalent not only in reactionary circles. The Prussian Minister of Education, Conrad Haenisch, a Socialist, was forced to admit after two years in office that the new Republic had failed to win over the educated younger generation, and he rightly describes it as a question of life or death for the Republic to convert the mind workers to democracy. Very little, indeed, has been accomplished in this respect. Even the schoolbooks in use are for the most part the same as those used before the revolution, the expense of providing a complete set of new textbooks being almost prohibitive. The Republican Government has done little or nothing to attract new followers of democracy, and the political parties which profess to be democratic have failed dismally to instruct the youth in the precepts of democracy.

At the opposite end of the arena of German political strife

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stand the ranks of the Proletarian Youth, on whose steadfastness the Republic must principally rely. The gap between the two rival armies is perilously wide, so wide, indeed, that it seems almost extravagant to hope that it can ever be bridged. The Proletarian Youth is divided in itself. The largest group adheres to the Social Democratic party and is on the whole anxious to learn and live democracy and is opposed to any return of autocracy and militarism. This group is chiefly controlled by the leaders of the party, is organized in order to serve the ends of that party, and has not yet distinguished itself by any action indicative of independence or new inspiration. The influence of the fresh forces is already being felt, nevertheless, and shows that the potentialities of the group are very great. In the eyes of the old leaders, however, the juveniles simply form the reservoir on which the party draws as time depletes its ranks. As far as Radicalism is concerned, the Social Democratic youth is committed to nothing but the gradual realization of the theories of scientific Socialism within the bounds of democracy.

The second group is called the Socialist Proletarian Youth, and is under the control of leaders of the Independent Socialist party. This is the most thoroughly revolutionary party in Germany and the most unequivocal and uncompromising adversary of chauvinism and imperialism. The juvenile group of the party has at times been very close to acceptance of Communism, but its ideals have become somewhat modified and chastened in the course of time. As is the case with the first group, these young men are for the most part handworkers and it is only in the few hours of recreation that they become acquainted with the political problems of the day. The socialistic parties accomplish a great deal in providing suitable opportunities for the enlightenment of the youth on political problems. A pronounced spirit of independence has manifested itself among the Socialist Proletarian Youth.

The third group includes the Communist Youth, the fervent advocates of the overthrow of the bourgeoisie and the establishment of Sovietism. Even in this group the experiences of two years, the apparent failure of Soviet Russia and the crushing of sporadic Communist uprisings in Germany, have had a sobering effect. Active participation in the Communist *Putsch* of April

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of last year resulted in the sentencing of many youthful Communists to death or life-long imprisonment, the severity of the courts in dealing with these misled youths being in striking contrast to the leniency with which the students who took active and discreditable part in the Kapp *Putsch* were treated.

The entire Proletarian Youth can be depended upon to offer determined resistance to any attempt to reëstablish the monarchy. The various groups chafe under the restraint of leadership which is felt to be out of touch with the new time. They long for greater inspiration than can be furnished by older men whose chief concern is the establishment of party supremacy and whose chief claim to leadership consists in conversancy with the petty details of the parliamentary life of a past era.

The Democratic Youth stands alone in a difficult position between the two extremes of Nationalism and Radicalism. The catchwords of the Radicals of the Right and the Left have made heavy inroads on the Democratic Party and its juvenile organizations. Notwithstanding this a group of courageous Democrats stands firmly in the centre of the arena, bearing the brunt of attacks from two sides. Its sole recourse is to proclaim stoutly the great ideals of democracy which must gradually pervade the institutions of German public life if class and race war is not to run rampant. One of the leaders of the Democratic Youth is a striking figure, Ernst Lemmer, a student of Marburg University. Lemmer was disciplined by the university authorities in 1919 for venturing to attend a convention of the Democratic party. He is convinced that Germany can be saved only by conversion to democracy and has addressed himself with all the enthusiasm of youth to the difficult task of persuading the youth of Germany that the course of true patriotism can lie only in the direction of the spreading abroad of the spirit and ideas of the Weimar Constitution, the injection of life into the cold forms of that document, and the creation of true Democracy in society, commerce and polity. Dissatisfaction with the old leaders is particularly pronounced in the Democratic Youth and men like Lemmer seem destined to come to the front in time.

A few loose organizations like the Liberal Youth, which is somewhat akin to the Democratic Youth but is not connected

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with any political party, and the Radical Reformers, who proclaim the independence of the youth from all elder authority, must also be taken into consideration. The former organization distinguished itself by a courageous attitude against chauvinist aims during the war, and the latter was prominent in the movement for pupils' councils in the schools and other radical school reforms which made some headway shortly after the Armistice but soon lost force.

The absence of conscription and the comparative inconspicuousness of military uniforms have a very important bearing on the temper of the youth. Compulsory military service was for a century one of the vertebral institutions of Prussia and Germany. German monarchs, statesmen, generals and professors have long sounded its praises. It was particularly as a means of education of the masculine youth, as a school of physical and moral training. that the merits of this institution were considered so excellent, Prominent pedagogues have pronounced conscription the pinnacle of the German system of education. Every healthy German boy of 19 entered upon his two years of military service in the consciousness of fulfilling a patriotic duty which his father had performed before him. The privilege of volunteer service for one year only was contingent on the passing of a severe examination which as a rule only boys of good family and education were able to pass. An applicant for a position who had performed his military service was usually preferred to one who had not, perhaps more because of the assumed superior physical and disciplinary training than because of the advantage of military qualifications. Conscription was generally looked upon as a most important measure of public hygiene, a salutary institution in every way. It insured a satisfactory minimum of physical training, bearing and discipline of the male population of Germany capable of carrying arms. Prince Bülow, former Imperial Chancellor and an unquestioned authority on political affairs and currents in Germany, has written that conscription was the only bond capable of uniting the German tribes and factions with their seemingly ineradicable proneness to petty disputes and quarrels.

It is manifest that the non-enforcement of conscription since the Armistice, and its abolition since then by Federal act, have

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created a noticeable gap in German public life which thoughtful men are solicitous of refilling. A form of national labor conscription has been seriously suggested, but the organization of such a gigantic scheme requires so much study and reflection that the plan is merely in its incipiency. The late Secretary of State, Erzberger, proposed a compulsory civil service of one year for the German youth. The idea of compulsory civil service is a development of the so-called Hindenburg system of compulsory auxiliary service established during the war, a system which aimed at the complete mobilization of the labor forces of the Fatherland with a view to the successful prosecution of the war.

In the absence of conscription the value of athletic sports for the training of the German youth has become greatly enhanced since the Armistice, although it is feared by many that they can never replace conscription because of the lack of the element of compulsion. A bill has now been submitted to the Reichstag which would make it compulsory for German boys to participate in some form of athletic sports, an intense cultivation of which is one of the outstanding features of the Germany of to-day. It was not until the War had been in progress for some time that the German military authorities began to see the importance of athletic sports. A special department for the supervision of athletics was established in the Prussian War Ministry and an organization for the coördination of physical training to meet the requirements of the German army was perfected.

Before the war there were 400,000 enrolled members of German sport clubs. To-day the corresponding figure is 2,500,000, to which must be added over a million *Turners*, so that over 3,500,000 young Germans are now registered as actively engaged in some form of athletics. The number is constantly increasing.

Athletic sports have now penetrated even the staid German universities. For the first time games were played last year for the academic football championship of Germany. The high schools and academies as such do not take up athletic sports at all. Boys and girls who engage in athletics do so as members of local clubs. For the general supervision of athletic activity there is a National Committee for Physical Training, which advises the Department of the Interior in pertinent matters. With the usual

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German thoroughness a University of Physical Training has been opened in Berlin, where the scientific and technical sides of athletic exercises are studied and men and women are trained to become athletic instructors.

The situation of the German youth to-day is one of bitter hostility between two powerful extremes. A pronounced inclination towards civil war is manifest, for there is no strong centre which could reconcile and pacify the differences between Nationalism and Internationalism, as the issue has unfortunately been defined to be. In reality the issue is between chauvinism and sane Nationalism. The elements in favor of a victory of Democracy are the educating force of at least the forms of democratic government, the self-alienation of the reactionary youth from the people at large, and perhaps most of all the liberalizing influence of athletic sports. The elements in favor of a victory of the reaction are: tradition; preponderance of influence in the administration of justice and in academic life; a powerful and unscrupulous press; and a well organized and hitherto highly effective monarchist propaganda. Inertia works in favor of the reaction; national distress is likewise its ally. In point of numbers alone the Democratic and Socialist Youth are not at a disadvantage; in influence and resource they are severely handicapped.

The Monarchists have wisely refrained thus far from any public discussion of questions of dynasty, well knowing that the former German dynasties are so jealous of prerogative and rank that agreement on the bearer of a new Imperial crown would be difficult if not impossible. The aspirations of the House of Wittelsbach, the former ruling dynasty of Bavaria, would not be so easily set aside as in the time of Bismarck in 1871, and a Bavarian Kaiser would scarcely be relished by the domineering North Germans. A quiet propaganda in favor of the ex-Crown Prince has been in evidence for some time; Prince Eitel Friedrich, the second son of ex-Kaiser William, shows himself occasionally in monarchist demonstrations; and the eldest son of the ex-Crown Prince is sometimes spoken of as the future Kaiser; but aside from this the question of candidacy for the throne is kept studiously in the background.

The Nationalist Youth is looking backward; it has brought

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forth no new ideas and aspires merely to the restoration on an improved basis of the régime built up by an older generation which failed and seeks yet to retrieve itself if given another chance. The young reactionaries fail to see that they are being made the tools of a disappointed faction which hopes to return to power and is prompted in its efforts by purely selfish motives. The campaign of the reactionaries is ruthless and unscrupulous; disdain for the republican institutions is paired with complete indifference to the welfare of the whole people. A powerful press daily pours out a torrent of abuse of the institutions of government and the persons in power which would not be tolerated for a moment in any other country. The aim of the reactionaries is primarily destructive; it is tantamount to sabotage of the Republic.

The democratic thinking youth looks forward, is constructive, and, mindful of the inherent defects and the definite failure of the old régime, aims at the regeneration of the nation on a sound Liberal basis. What is needed most of all is enlightenment on the sane nationalism of democracy and the fatal folly of chauvinism and a policy of revenge. A basis of sane nationalism must be found to which all, or the great majority, must commit themselves, or the Fatherland will drift into civil war. The lethargy of the political parties on which the responsibility for the preservation of the Republic rests is inexplicable and inexcusable. The assassination of Erzberger had the effect of illuminating like a flash of lightning the precarious situation of the Republic. It remains to be seen whether the lesson will be thoroughly learned and adequate steps be taken to meet the reactionary menace.

CHARLES B. DYAR.

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TRADE ASSOCIATIONS AND THE GOVERNMENT

BY GILBERT H. MONTAGUE

LESS than four years ago, the Government was fervently urging business men everywhere to combine with their competitors into trade committees or trade associations in order to stabilize supply and demand, restrict competition, and even agree upon prices, in coöperation with the United States Fuel Administration, the United States Food Administration, and the War Industries Board. To the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, for its part in bringing about these organizations, the Council of National Defense accorded the highest official praise. Two hundred such committees, the Council reported, were at work in 1918, speaking "for industries as diverse as the manufacture of toys and the refining of petroleum", and taking "a very important place in the fixing of prices, which has become a well-developed governmental function under the Council and the War Industries Board".

The War Industries Board also added its commendation. "In line with the principle of united action and coöperation," it said, "hundreds of trades were organized for the first time into national organizations, each responsible in a real sense for its multitude of component companies, and they were organized on the suggestion and under the supervision of the Government. Practices looking to efficiency in production, price control, conservation, control in quantity of production, etc., were inaugurated everywhere. Many business men have experienced during the war, for the first time in their careers, the tremendous advantages, both to themselves and to the general public, of combination, of coöperation and common action, with their natural competitors."

Coöperation in industry won the Great War, and many hoped that in peace the lesson would be remembered. "We must give

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a freer course to coöperation in industry," declared Mr. Charles E. Hughes, now Secretary of State, in December, 1918. "We need progress in standardization, the elimination of unnecessary waste, opportunities for trade agreements which are helpful alike to the manufacturer, the consumer and the laborer by providing stable provisions. The War has compelled coöperation and the Government, under this compulsion, has fostered what it previously denounced as criminal. The conduct which had been condemned by the law as a public offense was found to be necessary for the salvation of the Republic. But the public need so dramatically disclosed by the War is not, in this respect, removed by the termination of the War. Coöperation is just as necessary to secure the full benefits of peace as it was to meet the exigencies of War. And without it we shall miss the great prosperity and advance in trade to which, with our skill and energy, we are entitled."

Almost four years have now passed, but no change has been made in our laws regarding coöperation.

Discussing the so-called "open competition plan" of the American Hardwood Manufacturers' Association, the Supreme Court has recently declared that it is criminal for a trade association to collect and disseminate information among its members regarding supply and demand and prices, if in the association's meetings and bulletins the members are told how they may best act upon this information. "It is plain," said the Supreme Court in its decision, "that the only element lacking in this scheme to make it a familiar type of the competition-suppressing organization is a definite agreement as to production and prices. But this is supplied: by the disposition of men 'to follow their most intelligent competitors', especially when powerful; by the inherent disposition to make all the money possible, joined with the steady cultivation of the value of 'harmony' of action; and by the system of reports, which makes the discovery of price reductions inevitable and immediate. The sanctions of the plan obviously are financial interest, intimate personal contact, and business honor, all operating under the restraint of exposure of what would be deemed bad faith and of trade punishment by powerful rivals."

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Hundreds of trade associations, including some of the largest and most successful, do not attempt to collect or disseminate information regarding supply or demand or prices, and in their meetings and bulletins avoid all discussion of these topics. To such trade associations, this Supreme Court decision had no application. How numerous, however, are the trade associations which this decision might possibly affect may be guessed from a few official figures.

In response to a questionnaire of the Federal Trade Commission last fall, 376 trade associations reported that they were collecting and disseminating statistics regarding stocks on hand, quantities produced, orders received, or orders on hand, and 141 trade associations reported that they were collecting and disseminating statistics regarding prices in closed transactions. "Nine associations," reported the Commission, "indicate that they have recently discontinued the collection and exchange of information regarding their selling prices, pending the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Hardwood case. It appears probable that a number of others which formerly used such open price methods had taken similar action." This price information, the Commission found, was circulated daily, weekly or monthly by associations comprising manufacturers and wholesalers, and covered, among other products, automobiles, trucks, agricultural products, bread, bakery products, brick, buttons, canned fruits, canned vegetables, clothing, coal, coke, cotton goods, dairy products, drugs, farm implements, flour, feed, furniture, gas ranges, groceries, meats, hardware, lumber products, iron shingles, plumbing materials, salt, shoes, silks and upper leather.

These trade associations, as has been said, are only a fraction of all the trade associations in the country. Few, even of these, are probably as vulnerable as was the Hardwood Manufacturers' Association. Making all these allowances, however, the number of business men threatened by this Supreme Court decision is alarmingly large. And since their technical criminality, if it exists, arises only from their interchange of information regarding supply and demand and prices, and suggestions as to how best to act upon this information, their predicament deserves thoughtful consideration.

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As Edmund Burke long ago declared, you cannot indict an entire nation. Burke's remedy, in an analogous instance, was to repeal the law because it conflicted with national habits. No one, however, seems ready to believe that it is politically possible to repeal the Sherman Act. Compromise measures, therefore, to temper and modify the anti-trust laws, and to permit coöperation under Government supervision, are the only suggestions for legislative relief.

Mr. Hughes, in his address already quoted, endorsed this proposal in general terms. "Reasonable opportunity," said Mr. Hughes, "for concert under Government supervision is necessary to afford best service and prevent waste, and if we have learned this lesson from recent experiences it will be a great gain. . . . Is it not entirely possible to maintain governmental supervision which will give reasonable opportunity for doing reasonable things instead of seeking to maintain rules of conduct which shackle American enterprise? Neither labor nor the general public gains anything from denying free scope to honest business, and to secure this legitimate freedom it should be the function of Government to provide intelligent supervision which will aim at the detection and punishment of abuse and not at the crippling of opportunities rightly used."

The same idea was more fully discussed by the War Industries Board in its final report. Existing anti-trust legislation, the Board declared, "while valuable for immediate purposes, leaves little more than a moderately ambitious effort to reduce by Government interference the processes of business so as to make them to conform to the simpler principles sufficient for the conditions of a by-gone day." During the Great War, business men learned the value of group action. "To drive them back through new legislation, or through the more rigid and rapid enforcement of present legislation, to the situation which immediately preceded the war will be very difficult in many cases, though in a few it is already occurring spontaneously. To leave these combinations without further supervision and attention by the Government than can be given by the Attorney General's Department, or by the Federal Trade Commission in its present form, will subject business men to such temptations as many of

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them will be unable to resist—temptations to conduct their businesses for private gain with little reference to general public welfare."

Ostensibly to accomplish this general purpose, a bill, sponsored by the Lockwood Committee on Housing, passed the New York State Senate on March 17, 1922, and might have passed the Assembly had the Legislature not adjourned a few days later. This bill forbade any corporation, or corporation official, to participate in any "organization, arrangement, understanding or agreement of, or between, corporations . . . of which actual or potential competitors engaged in the same or similar classes of business are members", or to participate in any "club, society, institute, exchange, bureau or other body . . . of which such actual or potential competitors are members", until after the State Department of Trade and Commerce, to be created by the bill, shall have investigated the members, officers, dues, assessments, plans, purposes, methods, practices, constitution and by-laws of such association, and the uses to which its dues and assessments are put, and shall have issued a license authorizing it to transact business. Any corporation, corporation official, or person, the bill provided, who "becomes a party with a corporation" to any activity of any unlicensed association, or does "any act in, toward or tending to the consummation of such purposes of any such unlicensed association" shall, in the case of a corporation, be fined not less than $1,000 nor more than $20,000, and in the case of a person, must be imprisoned at least three months and not more than one year, and in addition may also be fined not more than $20,000.

An association shall not be licensed, the bill continued, if the proposed State Department of Trade and Commerce finds that the association's activities will

(1) tend to prevent, restrain, limit or restrict competition,

(2) tend to fix, prescribe or advise or suggest the fixing of the price of any such article or commodity,

(3) tend to restrain, limit, restrict or diminish the output or supply, to divide or apportion the territory between actual or potential competitors or to encourage such competitors to keep out of or fail to enter any given territory in competition with one another,

(4) fail to effect a more beneficent, efficient and economical production,

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marketing, transportation or distribution of any such article or commodity in free and open competition,

(5) tends or is calculated to promote or encourage unreasonable profits to any member of such association or to any other person, firm or corporation engaged in a similar business,

(6) is discriminatory between persons or localities or injurious to the interests of the state, or

(7) is in any other manner calculated to interfere with unrestricted competition or is otherwise adverse to the public welfare.

No right of appeal to, or review by, the courts was provided in the bill, in event that an association be denied a license.

Besides the powers above described, the bill entrusted the proposed State Department of Trade and Commerce generally with the "encouragement, development, assurance, protection and regulation" of "free and open competition in the production, manufacture, marketing, purchase, sale, exchange, use, hiring, storing and distribution of any article or commodity in common use", and specifically with investigating the cost of such articles and commodities and "securing the production, manufacture, marketing, purchase, sale, use, hiring, distribution and exchange of such articles and commodities upon a fair basis and at prices regulated solely by competitive conditions, uncontrolled by restraints or restrictions of any kind".

The proposed State Department of Trade and Commerce, according to the bill, would have "full access to and the right to inspect and take copies of all books of account, documents, correspondence and other papers relating to the business and affairs of all corporations, joint stock associations, trade organizations and other bodies", whose activities in any way comprise or affect trade or commerce within the State.

Desirable as are coöperation, trade associations, and exchange of trade information, may not their price be too high? Is not Government regulation of prices and profits an excessive concession to ask of any non-public industry in time of peace? Where is the responsibility when the State regulates prices and profits in all industries? Our war-time experiments with Government price fixing, supported though they were by patriotism and the national emergency, were nevertheless all so unsatisfactory

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that immediately after the Armistice they were wholly abandoned with universal relief. Would any industry, for the privilege of coöperation, ever concede such power to a Government Department? And what Government Department would ever dare approve in advance any arrangement that might result in the maintenance or raising of prices? If some unforeseen consequences were to follow, the standing and even the existence of the Department might be imperilled. Approval of any agreement in advance would always be full of risk. Withholding of approval would always be the only way of avoiding risk. Can there be any doubt as to how any Government Department would view requests for such approval? Few requests if any would ever be granted, except in circumstances so special that the same result, under competent legal guidance, would probably be obtainable without resort to any of the machinery suggested in the bill above analyzed.

A better solution seems to lie in a direction suggested by the Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Hoover. "We should have," said he recently, "more timely, more regular and more complete information of the current production and consumption and stocks of every great commodity in the United States."

Secretary Hoover cited two illustrations, the coal boom in the fall of 1920 and the rubber slump in 1920 and 1921. "If the public," said he, "had realized that our stocks of coal on the surface were probably above normal, that at the time they were bidding for coal at $15 per ton, the actual realization at the mine was probably less than $4; if they had been aware that the capacity of the coal mines was even then not running over 80 per cent; that the limitation of supply was due to railway difficulties which would be solved with a little patience; then, I am convinced that many sensible people would have stayed out of the coal market, and that we should have had no buying panic, with its profiteering, its consequent slump and great losses." If in the rubber industry, continued Secretary Hoover, "there had been an accurate monthly statement of the current ratio of production capacity and operation in the different branches of the industry, and of the stocks of major manufactured and raw materials in hand, they would have been saved tremendous losses

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not only in over-accumulation of goods, but also in over-expansion of equipment."

Though some statistics are now being collected and published by the Departments of the Interior, Agriculture, Commerce and Labor, the Federal Trade Commission and the Federal Reserve Board, statistics of the detail and freshness that Secretary Hoover mentions can most readily be gathered and disseminated only by trade associations. Business men dislike the intrusion of the Government into business, and the question of whether Federal Government bureaus, whose jurisdiction is limited to interstate commerce, can legally require periodical information relating to production and prices and other matters primarily in intrastate commerce will, for a long time, continue to embarrass the Federal Government if it attempts any compulsion in collecting such information.

Now that a trade association, according to the Supreme Court, cannot legally gather and disseminate such information, if in the association's meetings and bulletins the members are told how they may best act upon it, perhaps business men will be more willing than before to report such information to Government bureaus. Legislation may eventually be necessary, but meanwhile, even under the present state of the law, there seems to be a field for joint action between the trade associations and the Government.

In the Hardwood case, the mischief began when the Association in its meetings and bulletins tried to instruct its members how best to act upon trade information. May it not, therefore, be possible for trade associations merely to collect such trade information from their members, and to distribute it not only among their members but also among the Government bureaus, the trade press, the daily newspapers so far as they are interested, and the fast growing number of statistical service organizations that in recent years have sprung up for the purpose of interpreting to business men the tendencies and developments in business throughout the country?

No development in business life is more significant than the increase of financial and industrial services that furnish information to enable business executives to take their bearings and

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determine their course according as conditions develop from week to week in their industries, their markets, their country and the entire world. The trade press, and even the daily newspapers, are undertaking more and more of this work, and many of the larger banks and trust companies, as a matter of service to their clients, now maintain large statistical organizations and publish monthly business reviews. With these rapidly increasing facilities for the expert interpretation of trade statistics, entirely insulated from any control or influence by the trade associations that merely collect and disseminate the figures, business men ought now to be able to obtain the knowledge they need in order to run their businesses.

To further this purpose, Secretary Hoover, on February 16, 1922, made public his correspondence with the Attorney-General of the United States regarding trade association activities. This correspondence endorses many activities, such as standardization of quality, grades and technical designations, elimination of wasteful processes, prevention of dishonest practices, handling of group insurance, coöperative advertising, promotion of welfare work, coöperative representation on legislative questions and transportation matters, and coöperation with Government departments and bureaus, that have never been legally questioned. Most interesting of all, however, are the Government's views on the interchange of trade information through trade associations.

Briefly, the Attorney-General advises the Secretary of Commerce that if there be no purpose or effect, whether intentional or unintentional, of curtailing production, enhancing prices or suppressing competition, trade associations may—

(a) collect statistics from each member showing his volume of production, his capacity to produce, the wages paid, the consumption of his product in domestic or foreign trade, and his distribution thereof, specifying the volume of distribution by districts, together with his stock, wholesale or retail;

(b) on receipt of the individual reports of each member, compile the information in each report into a consolidated statement which shows the total volume of production of the membership, its capacity to produce by districts of production, which, in some instances, include a state or less area, the wages of districts of production, the consumption in foreign or domestic trade by districts, the volume of distribution by districts, and the stocks on hand, wholesale and retail, by districts;

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(c) file the combined statement with the Secretary of Commerce for distribution by him to the members of the association through the public press or otherwise and to the public generally and to all persons who may be in any way interested in the product of the industry, it being understood that the individual reports for the members should cover either weekly, monthly, quarterly, or longer periods as may be deemed desirable by the members, and, when a period is adopted, the report for each member shall cover that period, and the combined report shall be for that period;

(d) have their members report the prices they have received for the products they have sold during the period taken, specifying the volume of each grade, brand, size, style, or quality, as the case may be, and the price received for the volume so sold in each of the respective districts where the product is sold;

(e) consolidate all of the reports into one, and show the average price received for the total volume of each grade, brand, size, style, or quality, as the case may be, distributed in each district covered by the distribution statistics for the period covered by each individual report; and

(f) send the compiled report as to average price, as aforesaid, to the Secretary of Commerce, to be by him distributed to the public and to any or all persons who may be interested in the particular industry making the report.

That Secretary Hoover is ready and willing, and that his Departmental facilities are adequate, to disseminate promptly and periodically all information collected by trade associations and filed with him for distribution as above proposed, is the promise held out as the result of conferences held by Secretary Hoover in Washington in April, 1922, with representatives of most of the trade associations in the country. Unquestionably, this is the most ambitious project for Governmental assistance to business ever proposed in this generation.

GILBERT H. MONTAGUE.

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THE PLIGHT AND HOPE OF THE PHILIPPINES

BY WALTER ROBB

THE Philippines are at present a liability and a source of weakness to the United States, according to the preponderance of expert military opinion, which must be accepted as reliable. This is due, however, quite as much to the very awkward administration of the Islands, which can be corrected without further delay, while Governor-General Leonard Wood is the chief executive of the Philippines, as it is to their extensive and almost defenseless coastline. Abetted by notoriously incompetent American favorites, Filipino administration of the Philippines since October, 1916, when the Jones Law, the present organic act, went into effect, has not only been inept but in glaring and vital instances has incurred the imputation of dishonesty.

The egregious failure of the *ilustrados* to govern the Philippines has now reached a point where it infringes upon the treaty obligations of the United States. For example, there is but thirty cents gold back of the Philippine peso. The gold standard fund notably, and trust funds only less so, have been dissipated and the country plunged into a chaos of debt and financial entanglement. By the time the Government is again a going concern, the territorial debt will most probably not be less than one hundred million dollars gold, or twenty pesos per capita. There has been maladministration of justice and delayed administration of justice, quite general enough to raise the question whether or not life and property are secure. The American Chamber of Commerce of the Philippines has declared that investments in the Islands are not secure; it has a mass of evidence to corroborate its statement. It does not mean, of course, that through some extraordinary action by Governor Wood security of investment cannot be maintained during the brief period in which he will be chief executive of the Philippines. It has no quarrel with the

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Governor upon this or any other point. But its members are not in the Philippines for a day or a year; they are permanently settled there and look at matters of government from that permanent viewpoint, just as do the nationals of foreign Powers with which the United States has treaty obligations bearing upon the Philippines.

Instead of shouldering responsibility for the lamentable conditions prevailing, the Osmeña-Quezon Government is evading, extenuating, palliating and excusing them. No public opinion halts them. The people are practically in a feudal state; a vassal may not say his overlord nay. The people are an indentured, custom-bound, untutored Malayan mass, which will be their condition for an indefinite time to come. There is not yet a third of the school population provided with the means of obtaining primary education. There is a sort of *patois* spoken indifferently by a few hundred thousand throughout the Islands, but it is scarcely recognizable as English; and this is the nearest approach to even a common language. Under the disturbed and desultory political policy of the United States toward the Philippines, which for almost a quarter of a century has been pursued with very negligible results, when viewed in relation to the progress made in all other territory under the American flag, the Islands still bask in that indolence which is derived fundamentally from the want of motive for effort; that is, the hopeless conditions imposed by peonage. Meantime, knowledge is more and more widespread concerning the natural wealth and potential economic resources of the archipelago—which has a land area nearly equal to that of Japan proper or the British Isles; larger than the New England States with Pennsylvania thrown in; larger than Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, by more than 3,000 square miles; and far exceeding the area of any of the great Western States excepting two, California and Texas.

All these facts, seemingly fundamental, are more than apt to overwhelm the judgment and make America's position appear much worse than it really is. Viewed logically, and in the light of our plain duty to ourselves and the voiceless masses of the Filipino people, it is not desperate at all.

The one thing in particular to be done is to withdraw from the

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jurisdiction of the Philippine Government the administration of the United States public domain in the Islands, and to get this land surveyed and registered and under cultivation, and the mines worked and the forests exploited, as widely as possible and as early as possible. Americans who have never visited the Philippines may be surprised to learn that their vast empire of public domain in that territory has for many years been administered by Filipinos who know nothing of the spirit of American public land administration, who have hampered Americans in settling upon these lands, and some of whom have left office under the cloud of taking advantage of official position to purloin lands for themselves. They have excluded foreigners from acquiring these lands and in specific instances have driven bona fide Filipino homesteaders, of the "governable" element, off their holdings after the homesteaders had worked their fields for years. It was even written into the homestead law recently that the Director of Lands could, after granting a homesteader's application for a homestead, amend that application or cancel it altogether; and the helpless peasant who is subjected to these intolerable regulations is not given his day in court, either: it is all a star chamber proceeding from the outset.

General Frank McIntyre, Chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, in the War Department, defines the public domain in the Philippines as "property of the United States in lands . . . administered by the Philippine Government." These lands were acquired by the American people from Spain, in the Treaty of Paris. They constitute one of the nation's most magnificent inheritances, and their development not only would add billions of dollars annually to the national trade, but would be a veritable bulwark of our commerce in the East as well as the inexhaustible source of certain essential sinews of war—those embraced in the multitude of tropical products we can grow nowhere else under the flag.

As the Department of the Interior administers the public domain in other territory of the United States, it should administer the public domain in the Philippines; and Congress should transfer immediately the public domain in the Philippines to this Department. As all projects for Philippine investments are founded

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upon the utilization of the public lands,—the investment of his labor and a few pesos by the homesteader and small lease-holder, and the investment of millions by corporations,—such action by Congress would prompt a flow of capital to the Islands heretofore undreamed of. Whether accelerated by immigration or not, development would be most rapid; and if it were accelerated by immigration, as it ought to be, within the next quarter of a century fifty million prosperous people could be domiciled in the Philippines.

The Islands would then no longer be defenseless, no longer a national liability. The climate is not inimicable to the white race. The immigration would, naturally, require control; but much of it could come from Europe, much from the homeland, and more from overpopulated China. Personally I do not believe the Islands would ever be a Mecca for Japanese settlers, though of course they are for Japanese traders, and while they are sparsely inhabited and meagerly tilled they are Japan's constant temptation.

It should be borne in mind that we have no other extensive tropical territory, and that our use of tropical products is enormous. Arthur C. Fischer, Director of the Philippine Bureau of Forestry, is authority for the statement that the Islands can produce America's total supply of tropical products: all the rubber, all the guttapercha, all the camphor, all the gums and resins, all the drying and semi-drying oils required to supplement the local supply, and all the vegetable oils from which to extract edible fats. This statement contemplates the development of the public domain, the more than sixty million acres of forest, agricultural and mining lands owned by the American people in the Philippines. The land privately owned is but ten million acres, of which only half is under cultivation. This supports the present population, ten million in round numbers, and created a foreign trade of sixty pesos per capita, equal to that of Japan, in 1920. In Japan proper, approximately of the same area as the Philippines, seventy million people are living. They can cultivate but twelve per cent of the land, while in the Philippines seventy per cent of the land is susceptible of cultivation. Japan can grow but one crop a year, and it is poor in mineral resources. The

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Philippines can grow from one to four crops a year, and they are rich in mineral resources. Sugar cane matures in twelve months in the Philippines, against eighteen to twenty-four months required in other good sugar regions. Corn grows the year around and cattle grow and fatten without grain.

Among the mineral deposits within the public domain in the Philippines are iron (of the best quality), coal (including good coking coal), manganese and sulphur—the essentials of a huge future iron and steel industry. There are also abundant gold, copper and asbestos deposits; also silver and other valuable minerals, including marble and granite and asphalt. No less than three million tons of semi-anthracite coal have been blocked out in a single deposit on the Zamboanga peninsula, in Mindanao. This brief recital shows how negligent we were of the public interest when we placed administration of these resources in the control of Filipinos adept in pursuing a policy of passive resistance toward our best intentions, and at the same time indifferent to the welfare of their countrymen.

If we continue that policy, the Philippines will remain a national liability and a source of weakness.

For we cannot be free from them. There is no possible way by which we can set them adrift. Even if tomorrow we granted them absolute independence, either the aggression of a foreign Power, or a sanguinary internecine conflict, or infringment of treaty rights and obligations and the rights of our own people, would call us back. It is not difficult to discern that it might be a combination of all these causes. In view of everything revealed by the Wood-Forbes mission, it is wrong for any statesman or any legislator to inveigle the American people into believing they can ever rid themselves of the Philippines, or that it would be best or wise to do so. Without infringement of any promise or encroachment upon the self-government the Filipinos now enjoy—and abuse—the Islands can and should be held forever.

As we avail ourselves of the national wealth we have in the Philippines, as we link the islands closer to the mother country by commercial and social ties, the need we may have at present on their account for a strong fleet in the Eastern Pacific will be gradually diminished. In making these Philippine resources

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profitable in peace, we shall make them instantly available for war; and so we shall be the more formidable.

I conceive a future, not far distant, when by frequent steamers over a direct route, commerce running into billions of dollars a year will be coursing between the Philippines and America; when in this little valley of the Islands there will be a thriving American community, in that one an Italian settlement, or a Greek, and in the next a Malayan (Filipino), freed of native timidity because of the precept and example of the white man; and all united by the bonds of a common faith, a common language, common ideals and common business interests.

On the alternative, the inevitable corollary of our abandoning the islands, I will not look. I will not see the Filipino *taos*, now lifting their eyes to a dawn where Columbia stands smiling, sink again into the thraldom of debt, into that mass despair which would come from the unchecked despotism of the *ilustrado* rule.

> How will it be with kingdoms and with kings
> When this dumb creature shall reply to God
> After the silence of the centuries?

I will not see the wreckage of their commerce tossed and broken on tariff walls erected against them at the ports of the mother country; and they (for seventy per cent of their commerce is with America, and only one-and-a-half per cent of our commerce is with them) made mendicants in the marts of the world. If this is what Congress would do, this what the American people would sanction, then indeed are the Philippines a liability. Then indeed will they cost us much—in blood and treasure.

WALTER ROBB.

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PERSONNEL AND THE CIVIL SERVICE

BY JOHN M. GAUS

Constitute government how you please; infinitely the greater part of it must depend upon the exercise of the powers which are left at large to the prudence and uprightness of ministers of state.—Burke, *Thoughts on the Present Discontents.*

EDMUND BURKE, when he wrote *Thoughts on the Present Discontents*, had in mind a particular political situation,—the relations of George III to the ministry and to Parliament,—but his idea has a significance for our own political problems. Stated briefly, our Governments to-day—Federal, State and Local—are performing many new functions, and functions which cannot, from their nature, be nicely and adequately adjusted and controlled by legislative statute. They require, for successful administration, prudent and upright civil servants; and again, these civil servants must be given wide discretion to apply the general principle which alone can be enacted into fixed law. It is this fact which creates a new civil service problem for our generation, and it is this fact which is behind the discussion and adoption of such technical projects as classification of positions and salary standardization. An administrator like the Budget Director, General Dawes, with his Federal Personnel Board, is after all an attempt to apply some of the implications of Burke's penetrating comment.

But it is a fact which, as a nation, we have not comprehended. The movement for Civil Service Reform of the 'seventies and 'eighties, which had such leaders as George William Curtis and Carl Schurz, was essentially moral and political in its aims, rather than administrative. It represented the hatred of the true democrat of the abuse of the ballot and of the party system which existed. For obviously the use of appointment to office as a means of securing party funds, and the use of the party for securing appointments, prevented the free expression of opinion

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even within the narrow limits of the party system. The result of these practises upon the personnel of the Government was, of course, noticed and deplored. But the chief attack was centered rather upon the way in which the function of the citizen as a voter and party member was distorted and debauched.

But since the 'eighties, the functions of government have greatly increased in number and changed in nature. A Commonwealth like Massachusetts employs over 10,000 people, in over one hundred different trades and professions. The civil servants of the Federal Government are over half a million in number. Their duties—the duties of those, let us say, in a State Workmen's Compensation Department, a Public Utilities Department, a Health Department, or, at Washington in the Bureau of Standards or the United States Employment Service—require a freedom from too detailed statutory control, a wide measure of discretion, and a cultural and technical training. Lord Haldane in his evidence before the Royal Commission on the Coal Mines (republished in this country by the Dunster House Bookshop as *The Problem of Nationalization*) has outlined the implications of this new status of the civil servant in the future, when great industries may be administered by public agencies. As an administrative problem the new place of the Civil Service needs to be reconsidered and adequate provision made.

The status of the Civil Service is not only a pressing administrative problem, it is also a large factor in our governmental budgets. The means whereby salaries adequate for securing properly trained civil servants are to be secured through legislative financial control needs also to be provided in any even tentative solution of the civil service problem. The popular impression is that the chief issue here is the overpayment of the Civil Service. Actually we are confronted with the fact that the Civil Service does not offer a promising career to able men and women, not alone for the lack of relatively open opportunities for assuming initiative but also because of inadequate salaries and the lack of system in appropriations. This inevitably is reflected in the kind of service which our financial outlay purchases. The adoption of such direct taxation as the income tax has caused an even sharper scrutiny by legislative committees of the appropriations

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for services requiring the employment of civil servants of great technical training and administrative equipment, who are least accustomed to organizing in self-defence and using methods which the lesser skilled workers have used to their own advantage. There is, also, the lack of any objective standard of salary by which even the most well-intentioned committees can properly appraise the value of various employments and positions, and in the rough and tumble of appropriations the more numerous but less skilled are favored.

The new status of the Civil Service causes a third difficulty. The increase in the volume and the nature of the relations between government and citizen brings into clearer view the problem of the legal liability of the State for the official acts of its civil servants. The civil servant is himself—for those acts—ordinarily liable before the courts. But it is increasingly evident that many times justice cannot be done, either to the individual who has been wronged by an act of a civil servant who has been honestly attempting to execute the law, or to the civil servant himself. The establishment of special administrative tribunals which recognize the inherent liability of the State to a more careful scrutiny of private claims evidences our growing recognition of this problem. Furthermore, our courts are for the most part ill-equipped to review and set aside decisions in complicated and technical matters which have been made by administrative authorities. This is in part recognized by the admission by the courts of a province for final administrative action under the "separation of powers" theory, in part by a reluctance to review questions of fact rather than law. Yet the line between the latter two is vacillating and fluctuating, and is frequently moved in a direction that seriously hampers the execution of a social policy which the other departments of government have accepted.

Finally, the existence of hundreds of thousands of civil servants raises the problem of the relation of the State to its employees. How may their loyalty and energy be best recruited to the valid purposes of the State? With what organization may there be best erected channels of communication through which their collective desires or grievances may be most justly dealt

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with? How may their contributions to the service, their initiative, be focused and not inhibited?

These problems—the recruitment of educated civil servants, the payment of adequate salaries, their relation in their acts to the citizen, and their relation to the State—constitute the outstanding challenge to our political ability. They constitute, incidentally, the subject matter of a school of research in administration.

What is needed to secure a Civil Service adequate to the new problems outlined above? What are the minimum qualities which the Civil Service as a profession must possess? They are, I think, four; the opportunity for a career open to ability and effort; the opportunity for taking initiative and responsibility, adequate protection for the rights of the citizens being assured; adequate salaries, pensions and physical working conditions; and opportunity for representing and expressing the point of view of the Civil Service before administrative and legislative bodies.

It will be impossible for us to secure able men and women for the Civil Service unless we can offer them opportunity for progress and advancement within the service on the basis of their capacity and seniority. This cannot exist, of course, if at any point in the service appointments may be made not for these qualifications but rather for party contributions or services. This has been in some measure eliminated in the lower posts. But unless higher posts—for example, at Washington, Bureau Chiefs and Assistant Secretaryships of Departments—are also open as a reward for ability within the service, there is stagnation which reaches down to lower levels as one blocked train will hold up all others behind it. The values returned to the service when such appointments are made are well presented in Mr. Lowry's portrait of Assistant Secretary of State Adee, in *Washington Close-Ups*.

It is clear that to attract men capable of developing a career in the service there must be adequate salary arrangements. Salaries cannot, of course, for the higher posts, approach the salaries of executives in great business houses, although the task

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of the civil servant is more difficult, because salaries of business executives are larger than the community, as a whole, would approve. In the lower grades of work requiring practically no skill and only physical ability, a wage adequate to a healthy standard of living for a family of five in the locality should be the minimum. There are various training positions which would have to be excepted. For higher administrative posts and for technical positions perhaps a fair standard would be the salaries and retirement arrangements of the faculties and chief administrative officers of leading universities and colleges. This is not the place to discuss the details of salary standardization; it is important that the need for objective standards of payment whereby shifting legislative committees can come to appraise approximately the salary items fairly with some realization of their relation to adequate Civil Service personnel, be admitted and recognized.

The quality which sets off the Civil Service from ordinary employment is a sense of sharing in a corporate life, a sense similar to that of the minister or the college teacher. That is too rich, too valuable a part of the service to be ignored or deliberately crushed. It should, on the other hand, be encouraged and given a channel for expression. It is significant that such organizations as the Society of Civil Servants in England and the National Federation of Federal Employees in this country are thinking not only about matters of salary, leave and pension, but administrative reorganization and the study of the history and development of public services. In short, they are developing not merely a professional but a cultural approach to their work. There are, too, many questions concerning which their opinion and their judgment should be consulted as a matter of justice and intelligence—questions of physical working conditions, including salaries and pensions; questions of discipline; and questions of procedure and organization. Without some representation of the interests of the rank and file of the Civil Service, there is bound to be not merely discontent but a waste of valuable experience which should be at the disposal of the State.

The admission of the need for opening up avenues for a career in the Civil Service, adequate salary and retirement provisions,

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the recognition of the corporate character of the service—these are fairly obvious basic facts in the governmental personnel problem. But one must include in even a very brief survey a notice of the relation between the civil servant and the citizen where it is affected by judicial action. With the great extension of governmental control, the individual citizen needs more adequate relief from injury done by a civil servant. Many years ago the Supreme Court of Massachusetts in *Commonwealth vs. Sisson* (189 Mass. 247) stated that for many acts of administrative bodies (when performing "legislative" functions), relief could be had only by appeal to the legislature. Again, the ordinary relief is to be had from and through the courts. Either of these methods may be expensive and slow; and in the end, the individual civil servant may be unable to give any adequate compensation to the citizen. Furthermore, the civil servant may have committed an injury in honest discharge of his duties, or of the orders of superiors, in which case there is a real injustice in requiring him to pay damages. All of these facts point to the usefulness of a system such as that of France and Germany, where cases involving the administrative agencies are tried in special administrative courts, where litigation is cheap and reasonably expeditiously handled. Remedy is obtained from the State itself, and the State may then discipline the civil servant for his acts which caused the wrong. This furthermore raises the issue of the wisdom of permitting the ordinary courts to review the decisions of administrative agencies on technical matters—a review that does much to block or to stultify the efforts of able public servants in coping with problems of social control.

The problem of the personnel through which our social policies shall be applied has become acute, therefore, not only because of the extension of the use of the State as an agency of social control, but also because of the nature of the problems confronting the State—problems requiring great administrative skill and knowledge and discretion and judgment. To meet these difficulties certain minimum needs of our personnel organization must be recognized and provided for—the recognition of ability as the basis of service, up to the posts directly under the political officials; freedom from legislative and judicial interfer-

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ence in matters of detail or requiring expert knowledge, with safeguards for individual rights; adequate compensation, and representation of the interests of the civil servant.

To secure these minimum requirements new devices and arrangements are necessary, striking at the essence of governmental organization.

Very important results may be expected of measures which were initiated at Washington last winter for reorganizing the personnel administration of the Federal Government. On December 23 Mr. Dawes, Director of the Bureau of the Budget, issued Circular Number 52, establishing the Federal Personnel Board. This Board, under the Chairmanship of the President of the United States Civil Service Commission, is composed of a personnel representative of each department and independent establishment. Its duties are "to formulate policies and plans designed to place the personnel administration of the Federal Government abreast of the best practise in private enterprise, with due regard to the peculiarities of the public service." The details of its programme include a study of examinations, service records, promotions, training, retirement, and similar problems. This is one of the most promising steps in advance yet taken by the Federal Government and should be productive of good.

Also during December the Lehlbach Bill (H. R. 8928) passed the House and went to the Senate Committee on the Civil Service. This bill provides for a reclassification of the service on the basis of duties and functions and qualifications of the Federal employees at Washington, by the department heads subject to the review of the Bureau of the Budget. The Civil Service Commission and the Bureau of Efficiency are authorized at the same time to assist in the administration of the act. Of more dubious value is the inclusion in the act of standard salary schedules for each grade of each service. In the administration of personnel classifications in such States as Massachusetts, where in recent years reclassification measures have been adopted successfully, the fixing of salary rates has been left with the budget-making authorities, to permit the desirable flexibility of administration. It has been stated, however, that the practise of statutory fixing of salary rates was demanded by Congress because of its jealousy

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of financial control over administration. In any event, the principle of a standard classification of all governmental positions at Washington is being recognized, and this is the necessary first step to any really sound personnel system. The Lehlbach Bill is largely based on the report of the Joint Committee on Reclassification. This Commission was aided by committees representative of the rank and file of the Civil Service as well as of the higher administrative authorities. It should be noted that many States, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois and others, and a number of our cities have already undertaken reclassification studies. Their experience is a valuable basis for further advance toward solving difficult personnel problems.

Discussion of the issues raised by President Harding's dismissal of employees in the Bureau of Engraving in the Treasury Department suggests that too many continue to regard the personnel problem of the Government as political, and fail to recognize the new character of the public employment problem. Social policy enacted into law to-day to be effective requires a delicate and elaborate administrative organization; and such organization is dependent, in the last analysis, upon a substantial group of voters and party members who agree, regardless of other issues, upon the necessity of providing for a satisfactory career for men and women of ability in the Civil Service.

JOHN M. GAUS.

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THE FOUNDING OF MAIN STREET

BY STANLEY T. WILLIAMS

I

THE LETTERS OF MRS. TROLLOPE

DURING the greatest distress of the Carlyle family, one of the brothers announced to Thomas, who was then fighting his way in Edinburgh, his intention of emigrating to America. Carlyle's response was characteristic: "You shall never," he shouted, "you shall *never* seriously meditate crossing the great Salt Pool to plant yourself in Yankee-land. That is a miserable fate for anyone, at best; never dream of it! Could you banish yourself from all that is interesting to your mind, forget the history, the glorious institutions, the noble principles of old Scotland—that you might eat a better dinner, perhaps?"

No true Victorian could do it, least of all the Victorians whom I shall mention. To plant oneself in Yankee-land for the sake of a good dinner? Never! However, to visit Yankee-land, to return to England, weighed down with lecture receipts, with copy for books on America, and with disgust at Yankee-land—this was another matter. In fact it was a practical way of getting the better dinner, both then and for one's posterity. We hear of various motives for English men of letters coming to this country. But let one in particular be noted: they wanted better dinners, then and unto the fourth generation, amen! It would be easy to make these selections from Victorian letters sound like the record of the export of American gold. These visitors deplore our table manners and sing Te Deums on the profits of their lectures. Everyone has heard of Dickens's rhapsodical description of Niagara Falls in his letters from America. This is nothing. Dickens is really lyrical when he sends a check to his London bankers. No one need wonder that English lecturers have come to us. Dickens's financial returns were enormous, even as the American

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adoration of him was fatuous. Repercussions of his brass-band receptions penetrated Carlyle's sound-proof room in Chelsea. He growls, in *Past and Present:* "All Yankee-land follows a small, good 'Schnüspel, the distinguished novelist', with blazing torches, dinner invitations, universal hep-hep-hurrah!"

You may deny this materialism. If you do, I shall suspect you of not having read the American letters of these Victorians. Whatever their motives, they came, they saw, and they wrote about us; a far more deadly way of dealing with us than the tepid Cæsar's, who, you recall, merely conquered his enemies. Or, if he wrote, as I remember now that he did, he wrote dispassionately; he made few comments on hotels, and habits so personal as chewing tobacco. The Victorians wrote about us, and their letters have an indelible interest. They describe the beginnings of our culture, the founding of Main Street. The letters that I commend to you were written by four men and women of genius, and they cover more than a half-century of American history; from, to be exact, 1827 to 1884. The writers of these letters have ceased to be, and are now part of the great traditions of English literature. And the America which they described has also ceased to be, and belongs to our traditions of the past. It is something, I think, to see these pasts revive, and meet.

Moreover, these four were the first to "visit America" in the rôle of the distinguished literary man or woman. Now, of course, they come in boatloads with secretaries and private wireless. They debark at special depots, from which they begin the grand tour of America, Niagara Falls, Chicago, and five thousand women's clubs. A New York newspaper prints the exhausted comment of a steamship captain: "My God, why don't they stay on their foggy atoll?" Well, these were, I repeat, the first; the first to accept our hospitality, the first to raise curious eyebrows at our trains, our dress, our literature, our crazy-quilt flag. They were the first to see Main Street. These were the outriders of the whole motley throng, the precursors, the precedents, the predecessors, the forerunners, the van-couriers, the pioneers, the *prodromoi*, the bell-wethers. Yes, all Roget cannot make it too strong; this was the beginning of the invasion of America.

Perhaps it was symbolic that the first of these visitors should

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have been chased on the way to America by a pirate-ship. "Your highness will recollect the proverb, Like to Like." The pirate apparently recognized the English lecturer in America as fair game, although we may question his judgment in not selecting the journey home for the raiding party.

This visitor was Mrs. Frances Milton Trollope, the mother of Anthony Trollope, and later the author of *The Domestic Manners of the Americans*. She came, with three young children, in the winter of 1827. After a seven weeks' voyage she landed at New Orleans; she sailed slowly up the Mississippi; and she lived, during the first part of her stay in America, in Cincinnati. Here, stalwart soul that she was, she tried to arrange for her husband a bazaar for the importation and sale of European fancy articles. It was not until August 5, 1831, that she again reached England. During the three years and a half that Mrs. Trollope was in America she saw every city of importance in the young republic. She studied us, every detail, our religion, politics, and literature, and our most intimate family usages. She coolly observed, and as coolly noted down everything that she saw, from the wild hogs in the streets of Cincinnati to the wild and spitting orator of Congress, Mr. This or That of Virginia, who kept entreating the House—such was his lyric cry—to " go the whole hog". Hogs, hogs, hogs! Mrs. Trollope saw them from her windows, she trampled them under foot in the streets, she dreamed of them at night. "I never," she says, "saw a newspaper without remarking such advertisements as the following: 'For Sale, two thousand barrels of prime pork.'" She came to think of the animal as the national emblem, just as she averred that the national perfume was a blend of onions and whiskey. She had, as far as America was concerned, far more than Carlyle "the devouring eye and the portrait-painting hand". These letters printed made, for the most part, *The Domestic Manners of the Americans*. What a book! Matthew Arnold, here sixty years later, quoted it with a shudder.

Mrs. Trollope's letters are, as all good letters should be, gossipy and *intime*. She says less of our national institutions than of our manners. She threw out, nevertheless, sharp comments on our darling notions of the State Politic. Like most Liberals who

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visit us, she was disillusioned of her faith in democracy. She thought, for example, slavery less harmful to America than our fallacious belief in "equality". "You may hear this," she says, "declaimed upon in Congress, roared out in taverns, discussed in every drawing room, satirized upon the stage, nay, even anathematized from the pulpit: listen to it, and then look at them at home; you will see them with one hand hoisting the cap of liberty, and with the other flogging their slaves. You will see them one hour lecturing their mob on the indefeasible rights of man, and the next driving from their homes the children of the soil, whom they have bound themselves to protect by the most solemn treaties." And elsewhere Mrs. Trollope adds: "Strong indeed must be the love of equality in an English breast if it can survive a tour through the Union." As for the consequences of living in this land of equality, the lack of tradition, the lonely frontier life, Mrs. Trollope cannot believe in this type of independence, "the backwoods independence, of which so much is said in America." The following contrast between the humble life of England and America is typical:

> It seemed to me that there was something awful and almost unnatural in their loneliness. No village bell ever summoned them to prayer, where they might meet the friendly greeting of their fellow men. When they die, no spot sacred by ancient reverence will receive their bones. Religion will not breathe her sweet and solemn farewell upon their grave; the husband or the father will dig the pit that is to hold them, beneath the nearest tree; he will himself deposit them within it, and the wind that whispers through the boughs will be their only requiem. But then, they pay neither taxes not tithes, are never expected to pull off a hat or to make a curtsey, and will live and die without hearing or uttering the dreadful words, "God save the King".

The 'twenties and 'thirties in England were the years of Evangelicalism. Strife was bitter among the embattled parties of the Protestant faith. "I would not," John Keble said of the Dissenting churches, "be in one of them at service time for any consideration." Hurrell Froude declared that an Evangelical was one who "turned up the whites of his eyes, and said 'Lawd, Lawd'". It was natural that Evangelicalism should flourish violently in America. Religious freedom was a byword, and there revived many of the old "enthusiasms" of the seventeenth century. The license of this religion Mrs. Trollope could not understand. She

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left a withering record of what she saw; so frank and so bitter, indeed, that I have thought best to temper her remarks. The striking fact about the following passage, which describes an American religious revival, is that Mrs. Trollope believes the hysteria she depicts to be typical of the religious condition of America. The first part of the description reveals Mrs. Trollope's feeling for beauty, which was in a large measure responsible for her revulsion before the ugliness of America:

The preachers came down from their stand and placed themselves in the midst of it, beginning to sing a hymn, calling upon the penitents to come forth. As they sung they kept turning themselves round to every part of the crowd, and, by degrees, the voices of the whole multitude joined in the chorus. This was the only moment at which I perceived anything like the solemn and beautiful effect which I had heard ascribed to this woodland worship. It is certain that the combined voices of such a multitude, heard at dead of night, from the depths of their eternal forests, the many fair young faces turned upward, and looking paler and lovelier as they met the moonbeams, the dark figures of the officials in the middle of the circle, the lurid glare thrown by the altar-fires on the woods beyond, did altogether produce a fine and solemn effect, that I shall not easily forget; but ere I had well enjoyed it, the scene changed, and sublimity gave place to horror and disgust.

I pass over Mrs. Trollope's bitter denunciations of what followed, and excerpt only one or two passages descriptive of the ensuing religious excitement:

How am I to describe the sounds that proceeded from this strange mass of human beings? I know no words which can convey an idea of it. Hysterical sobbings, convulsive groans, shrieks and screams the most appalling, burst forth on all sides. I felt sick with horror. As if their hoarse and overstrained voices did not make noise enough, they soon began to clap their hands violently. The scene described by Dante was before me:

Quive sospiri, pianti, ed alti guai
Risonavon per l'aere. . . .
Orribili favelle
Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira
Voci alti e fioche, e suon di man con elle.

Many of these wretched young creatures were young females. The preachers moved about among them, at once exciting and soothing their agonies. I heard the muttered "Sister! dear sister!" I saw the insidious lips approach the cheeks of the unhappy girls; I heard the murmured confessions of the poor victims, and I watched their tormentors, breathing into their ears consolations that tinged the pale cheek with red.

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Mrs. Trollope makes her indictment of this type of religion more vivid by countless incidents:

A very pretty girl, who was kneeling in the attitude of Canova's Magdalene immediately before us, amongst an immense quantity of jargon, broke out thus: "Woe! woe to the backsliders! Hear it, hear it, Jesus! When I was fifteen my mother died, and I backslided. Oh Jesus, I backslided! Take me home to my mother, Jesus! Take me home to her, for I am weary! Oh John Mitchel! John Mitchel!" And after sobbing piteously behind her raised hands, she lifted her sweet face again, which was as pale as death, and said, "Shall I sit on the sunny bank of salvation with my mother? my own dear mother? Oh Jesus, take me home, take me home!" Who could refuse a tear to this earnest wish for death in one so young and so lovely? But I saw her, ere I left the ground, with her hand fast locked, and her head supported, by a man who looked very much as Don Juan might, when sent back to earth as too bad for the regions below.

Religious freedom, then, in America, meant debauchery, just as "equality" meant laxity. (Jefferson, Mrs. Trollope thought, must have been either a fool or a liar.) What of knowledge, of literature and the arts, in the land of the free? Well, if we are to believe our candid cousin, here too were chaos and utter night. The newspapers, the same which were to charm Matthew Arnold years later, had made the most absurd literature accessible to everyone. English literature was in outer darkness. Mrs. Trollope found no better way to evoke a laugh than to mention seriously the names of Chaucer and Spenser. Voltaire, Rousseau and Diderot were taboo, not as literature, for no one had their works, but as naughty words. Prudery thrives in Columbia. Mrs. Trollope describes an evening with an American scholar, a Mr. Flint. He was also, the lady observes, what is called in America a "*serious* gentleman", a phrase which piqued her as much as any Americanism she encountered. (A bouquet of these phrases might be culled from Mrs. Trollope's writings. How she pondered over such as these: The past participle "fixed", "getting along", "out-of-the-way places", "we do not happen to have that article".) She talked with the "serious gentleman" about literature:

He spoke as Paul to the offending Jews; he did not, indeed, shake his raiment at me, but he used his pocket-handkerchief so as to answer the purpose; and if every sentence did not end with "I am clean", pronounced by his lips, his tone,

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his look, his action fully supplied the deficiency. Our poor Lord Byron, as may be supposed, was the bull's-eye against which every dart in his black little quiver was aimed. I had never heard any serious gentleman talk of Lord Byron at full length before, and I listened attentively. It was evident that the noble passages which are graven on the hearts of the genuine lovers of poetry had altogether escaped the serious gentleman's attention; and it was equally evident that he knew by rote all those that they wish the mighty master had never written. I told him so, and I shall not soon forget the look he gave me.

The conversation turned to the earlier poets:

At the name of Dryden he smiled, and the smile spoke as plainly as a smile could speak, "How the old woman twaddles!" "We only know Dryden by quotations, Madam, and these, indeed, are found only in books that have long since had their day." "And Shakespeare, sir?" "Shakespeare, Madam, is obscene, and thank God, WE are sufficiently advanced to have found it out! If we must have the abomination of stage plays, let them at least be marked by the refinement of the age in which we live." This was certainly being *au courant du jour*. Of Massinger he knew nothing. Of Ford he had never heard. Gray had had his day. Prior he had never read, but he understood he was a very childish writer. Chaucer and Spencer he tied in a couple, and dismissed by saying, that he thought it was neither more nor less than affectation to talk of writers who wrote in a tongue no longer intelligible. This was the most literary conversation I was ever present at in Cincinnati.

American substitutes for literature Mrs. Trollope was unable to read. She could not endure "the inflated tone of eulogy in which our insect authors were lauded." The novels of a Mr. and Mrs. Brooks she found celebrated in an American newspaper as follows: "The lovers of impassioned and classical numbers may promise themselves much gratification from the muse of Brooks, while the many-stringed harp of his lady, the Norma of *The Courier*, which none but she can touch, has a chord for every heart." Mr. Flint's *History of the Mississippi Valley* was praised by everyone, and read by no one. Meanwhile Mr. Pierpont was known as "a very eloquent preacher, and a sweet poet." These are indeed immortal names! Throughout her journey Mrs. Trollope carried with her a horrid sense of guilt: she had never read the forty canto poem of Dr. Emmons called *The Fredoniad*. "But," she adds, "as I did not meet a single native who had, I hope this want of poetical enterprise will be excused." It should be mentioned that at Wheeling she met the famous author of the satirical novel, *Yankee Doodle Court*.

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But it is in the delineation of American manners of the 'twenties that Mrs. Trollope is at her best. Her scorn stings chiefly because of the cool literalness of her manner. Real social life in this America Mrs. Trollope was unable to discover. "Billiards," she declares, "are forbidden by law, so are cards." And she adds, despairingly, of the drab life:

> They have no public balls . . . they have no concerts. They have no dinner parties. I never saw a population so totally divested of gaiety; there is no trace of this feeling from one end of the Union to the other. They have no fêtes, no merry-makings, no music in the streets, no Punch, no puppet-shows. If they see a comedy or a farce, they may laugh at it; but they can do very well without it.

Mrs. Trollope's pictures of mixed parties in 1830 make one long to have lived a century earlier. From her we learn that the custom of making interminable calls had its origin in Ohio. From her, too, we learn that the appearance of a second caller never hastened the exit of the first:

> They continued their employment, much as if no interruption had taken place; when the visitor entered, they would say, "How do you do?" and shake hands. "Tolerable, I thank ye, how be you?" was the reply. If it was a female, she took off her hat; if a male, he kept it on, and then taking possession of the first chair in their way, they would retain it for an hour together, without uttering another word; at length, rising abruptly, they would again shake hands, with "Well, now I must be going, I guess," and so take themselves off, apparently well contented with their reception.

Even more genial were the evening parties:

> The gentlemen spit, talk of elections and the price of produce, and spit again. The ladies look at each other's dresses till they know every pin by heart; talk of Parson Somebody's last sermon on the Day of Judgment, on Dr. T'otherbody's new pills for dyspepsia, till the "tea" is announced, when they all console themselves for whatever they may have suffered in keeping awake, by taking more tea, coffee, hot cake and custard, hoe-cake, johnny-cake, waffle-cake and dodger-cake, pickled peaches, and preserved cucumbers, ham, turkey, hung beef, apple sauce, and pickled oysters, than ever were prepared in any other country of the known world.

Those who think this an unfair picture of America may perhaps derive comfort from the Americans' treatment of Mrs. Trollope herself. Here, too, although the visitor is frank in reporting what our forbears thought and said of her, the picture we some-

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how retain is not of her but of them. The best instance of this is interwoven with Mrs. Trollope's other observations on our manners and language, an aspect of our culture of never-failing interest to her:

> I very seldom during my whole stay in the country heard a sentence elegantly turned and correctly pronounced, from the lips of an American. There is something either in the expression or the accent that jars the feelings and shocks the taste. . . . My general appellation amongst my neighbors was "the English old woman", but in mentioning each other they constantly employed the term "lady"; and they evidently had a pleasure in using it, for I repeatedly observed that in speaking of a neighbor, instead of saying Mrs. Such-a-one, they described her as "the lady over the way what takes in washing", or as "that there lady, out by the Gulley, what is making dip-candles." Mr. Trollope was as constantly called "the old man", while draymen, butchers' boys, and the laborers on the canal were invariably denominated as "them gentlemen"; nay, we once saw one of the most gentlemanlike men in Cincinnati introduce a fellow in dirty shirt sleeves and all sorts of detestable *et cetera* to one of his friends, with this formula, "D——, let me introduce this gentleman to you!"

These ladies put Mrs. Trollope in her place. Indeed she may be said to have been punished in advance for these indiscreet letters of hers. A delicious bit of American society follows: As Mrs. Trollope was trying, in response to a question, to describe London, she was suddenly "interrupted by another lady, who exclaimed, 'Do hold your tongue, girls, about London. If you want to know what a beautiful city is, look at Philadelphia; when Mrs. Trollope has been there, I think she will allow that it is better worth talking about than that great overgrown collection of nasty, filthy, dirty streets that they call London.'"

As the letters proceed, Mrs. Trollope's sarcasm takes on a sharper edge. Her disgust is that of the well-bred; she has no secret sympathy with what she sees. She has contrived to give in these letters, with terse realism, a perfect picture of vulgarity, without appearing in the least vulgar herself. She gets under our skin. No one can read the book, if he cares in the least about America, without something very like personal chagrin, and no one—alas! —can read the letters without feeling that they are true. Wherever we read we find Americans drinking whiskey in saloons, guffawing about the British navy, and sticking countless tons of

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pork. We see innumerable Colonels and Generals, without troops. We see them simpering in conscious Victorian propriety over the word "shirt". We see them stand before a picture of Hebe and shout: "What the devil has Hebe to do with the American Eagle?" We see them in the theatres in attitudes indescribable. We see them with their boots on the railings, gazing at Niagara. We see them wallowing in watermelon. We see them in their remorseless use of the English language, and in their no less remorseless spitting. This last seems to have impressed our visitors more than American institutions, American religion, or American morality. It is the burden of every letter of every visitor. And Mrs. Trollope's excuse for mentioning it must also be mine, that no picture of American life can be complete without it. Spitting is at once the national recreation and national art. The perfection of its development filled Mrs. Trollope with horror and with uncanny fascination. She cannot forget it. She speaks of it on the trains, in the theatres, and it is all she can remember of Congress. It inspires her, so level-headed, with fanatical theories: "I am inclined to think," she says, "this most vile and universal habit of chewing tobacco is the cause of a remarkable peculiarity in the male physiognomy of the Americans; their lips are almost uniformly thin and compressed. At first I accounted for this upon Lavater's theory, and attributed it to the arid temperament of the people; but it is too universal to be so explained; whereas the habit . . . enforces that position of the lips, which gives this remarkable peculiarity to the American countenance."

Finally, at the end of her volume, Mrs. Trollope leaves us with this delightful sentence: "I suspect that what I have written will make it evident that I do not like America." Possibly so, Mrs. Trollope. I confess, as one reader, that it *has* occurred to me that you do not care for America, at least for the Main Street of America. But angry as I am, and ashamed, even a century later, I cannot suspect your honesty. I should like to, but I cannot. Nor, if I can become sufficiently indifferent about what you say of us, can I doubt the force of your nature, or the precision and distinction of your style in your letters from America.

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

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THE SISTERS

BY AMY LOWELL

Taking us by and large, we're a queer lot,
We women who write poetry. And when you think
How few of us there've been, it's queerer still.
I wonder what it is that makes us do it,
Singles us out to scribble down, man-wise,
The fragments of ourselves. Why are we
Already mother-creatures, double-bearing,
With matrices in body and in brain?
I rather think that there is just the reason
We are so sparse a kind of human-being;
The strength of forty thousand Atlases
Is needed for our every-day concerns.
There's Sappho, now I wonder what was Sappho.
I know a single, slender thing about her:
That, loving, she was like a burning birch-tree
All tall and glittering fire, and that she wrote
Like the same fire caught up to Heaven and held there,
A frozen blaze before it broke and fell.
Ah, me! I wish I could have talked to Sappho,
Surprised her reticences by flinging mine
Into the wind. This tossing off of garments
Which cloud the soul is none too easy doing
With us to-day. But still I think with Sappho
One might accomplish it were she in the mood
To bare her loveliness of words and tell
The reasons, as she possibly conceived them,
Of why they are so lovely. Just to know
How she came at them, just to watch
The crisp sea sunshine playing on her hair
And listen, thinking all the while 'twas she
Who spoke and that we two were sisters
Of a strange, isolated little family.
And she is Sappho—Sappho—not Miss or Mrs.,
A leaping fire we call so for convenience,
But Mrs. Browning—who would ever think
Of such presumption as to call her "Ba?"

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Which draws the perfect line between sea-cliffs
And a close-shuttered room in Wimpole Street.
Sappho could fly her impulses like bright
Balloons tip-tilting to a morning air
And write about it. Mrs. Browning's heart
Was squeezed in stiff conventions. So she lay
Stretched out upon a sofa, reading Greek
And speculating, as I must suppose,
In just this way on Sappho; all the need,
The huge, imperious need of loving, crushed
Within the body she believed so sick.
And it was sick, poor lady, because words
Are merely simulacra after deeds
Have wrought a pattern; when they take the place
Of actions they breed a poisonous miasma
Which, though it leave the brain, eats up the body.
So Mrs. Browning, aloof and delicate,
Lay still upon her sofa, all her strength
Going to uphold her over-topping brain.
It seems miraculous, but she escaped
To freedom and another motherhood
Than that of poems. She was a very woman
And needed both.

If I had gone to call,
Would Wimpole Street have been the kindlier place,
Or Casa Guidi, in which to have met her?
I am a little doubtful of that meeting,
For Queen Victoria was very young and strong
And all-pervading in her apogee
At just that time. If we had stuck to poetry,
Sternly refusing to be drawn off by mesmerism
Or Roman revolutions, it might have done.
For, after all, she is another sister,
But always, I rather think, an older sister
And not herself so curious a technician
As to admit newfangled modes of writing—
"Except, of course, in Robert, and that is neither
Here nor there, for Robert is a genius."
I do not like the turn this dream is taking,
Since I am very fond of Mrs. Browning
And very much indeed should like to hear her
Graciously asking me to call her "Ba."
But then the Devil of Verisimilitude
Creeps in and forces me to know she wouldn't.

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Convention again, and how it chafes my nerves,
For we are such a little family
Of singing sisters, and as if I didn't know
What those years felt like tied down to the sofa.
Confound Victoria, and the slimy inhibitions
She loosed on all us Anglo-Saxon creatures!
Suppose there hadn't been a Robert Browning,
No "Sonnets from the Portuguese" would have been written.
They are the first of all her poems to be,
One might say, fertilized. For, after all,
A poet is flesh and blood as well as brain
And Mrs. Browning, as I said before,
Was very, very woman. Well, there are two
Of us, and vastly unlike, that's for certain.
Unlike at least until we tear the veils
Away which commonly gird souls. I scarcely think
Mrs. Browning would have approved the process
In spite of what had surely been relief;
For speaking souls must always want to speak
Even when bat-eyed, narrow-minded Queens
Set prudishness to keep the keys of impulse.
Then do the frowning Gods invent new banes
And make the need of sofas. But Sappho was dead
And I, and others, not yet peeped above
The edge of possibility. So that's an end
To speculating over tea-time talks
Beyond the movement of pentameters
With Mrs. Browning.

But I go dreaming on,
In love with these my spiritual relations.
I rather think I see myself walk up
A flight of wooden steps and ring a bell
And send a card in to Miss Dickinson.
Yet that's a very silly way to do.
I should have taken the dream twist-ends about
And climbed over the fence and found her deep
Engrossed in the doings of a humming-bird
Among nasturtiums. Not having expected strangers,
She might forget to think me one, and holding up
A finger say quite casually: "Take care.
Don't frighten him, he's only just begun."
"Now this," I well believe I should have thought,
"Is even better than Sappho. With Emily
You're really here, or never anywhere at all

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In range of mind." Wherefore, having begun
In the strict centre, we could slowly progress
To various circumferences, as we pleased.
We could, but should we? That would quite depend
On Emily. I think she'd be exacting,
Without intention possibly, and ask
A thousand tight-rope tricks of understanding.
But, bless you, I would somersault all day
If by so doing I might stay with her.
I hardly think that we should mention souls
Although they might just round the corner from us
In some half-quizzical, half-wistful metaphor.
I'm very sure that I should never seek
To turn her parables to stated fact.
Sappho would speak, I think, quite openly,
And Mrs. Browning guard a careful silence,
But Emily would set doors ajar and slam them
And love you for your speed of observation.
Strange trio of my sisters, most diverse;

And how extraordinarily unlike
Each is to me, and which way shall I go?
Sappho spent and gained; and Mrs. Browning,
After a miser girlhood, cut the strings
Which tied her money-bags and let them run;
But Emily hoarded—hoarded—only giving
Herself to cold, white paper. Starved and tortured,
She cheated her despair with games of patience
And fooled herself by winning. Frail little elf,
The lonely brain-child of a gaunt maturity,
She hung her womanhood upon a bough
And played ball with the stars—too long—too long.
The garment of herself hung on a tree
Until at last she lost even the desire
To take it down. Who's fault? Why let us say,
To be consistent, Queen Victoria's.
But really, not to over-rate the Queen,
I feel obliged to mention Martin Luther,
And, behind him, the long line of Church Fathers
Who draped their prurience like a dirty cloth
About the naked majesty of God.
Good-bye, my sisters, all of you are great,
And all of you are marvellously strange,
And none of you has any word for me.

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I cannot write like you, I cannot think
In terms of Pagan or of Christian now.
I only hope that possibly some day
Some other woman with an itch for writing
May turn to me as I have turned to you
And chat with me a brief few minutes. How
We lie, we poets! It is three good hours
I have been dreaming. Has it seemed so long
To you? And yet I thank you for the time
Although you leave me sad and self-distrustful,
For older sisters are very sobering things.
Put on your cloaks, my dears, the motor's waiting.
No, you have not seemed strange to me, but near,
Frightfully near, and rather terrifying.
I understand you all, for in myself—
Is that presumption? Yet, indeed, it's true.
We are one family. And still my answer
Will not be any one of yours, I see.
Well, never mind that now. Good night! Good night!

AMY LOWELL.

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AMERICAN PLAYS OF OUR FOREFATHERS

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

WHAT benefit is there to be had from a careful reading of the American plays of our forefathers? They are mostly crude, largely trivial in plot, and, in their verse, imitative of better dramas abroad. Out of the many hundreds of paper-backed editions, which are the coveted prizes of book collectors, scarcely one of these old dramas holds the stage to-day; their influence upon the living theatre is a negligible factor.

Yet there is an essential need for the study of these American plays of our forefathers. I claim for them the same right of consideration that is asked for the polemics of Patrick Henry and James Otis, for the Indian stories of Cooper and Simms, for the backwoods novels of Paulding and Bird. They have the value of contemporary portraiture when they depict the figures of Washington and André and Jackson; and they retain some of the fire from the political skirmishes of Whig and Democrat. In other words, wherever a native product is fighting through raw material into expressive form; wherever it evolves in national consciousness, coincident with the awakening of social and political rights, such a play is compelled to reflect the forces of the times; it is of value because of the nearness of its intent to the conditions it purports to reflect.

Hence a study of American drama prior to 1870 is a survey of influences from which a nation gets its self-expression. Surely it would be strange if a people—a branch broken from the Anglo-Saxon stem—should repudiate its early expression merely because it smacked more of the culture from which it came than of the soil to which it consciously attached itself. We find the various *Vindications* of the New England churches and the many *True Relations* of the Southern Colonies thoroughly London and in no way Plymouth or Roanoke. Is it therefore strange that our first comedy, *The Contrast*, should be a pale

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likeness of *The School for Scandal?* Do we deprecate the British parliamentary form of Patrick Henry's orations?

Squaring the early American drama with early American literature,—political, polemical, fictional and otherwise,—I believe that the native dramatist held his own surprisingly well. In fact, in the field of historical plays he probably had a higher quality of patriotic fervor than can be found in Bronson Howard, Clyde Fitch or William Gillette. I much prefer the *André* of Dunlap to the *André* of Fitch; the sprightly Revolutionary touch of Oliver Bunce's *Love in '76*—artificial though its manner be—is superior to any modern comedy of that era.

The same battle was fought by the early American playwright that was vigorously maintained by the early American novelists—a prejudice against Americanism in art, a dislike of homely characteristics, as being more native than aristocratic grandiloquence. However much our political ideals were jealously guarded and protected from foreign influence or modification, our culture ran contrary to the maintenance of home atmosphere.

Our early theatres were, in large measure, conducted on the lines of English theatrical tradition. The old Park Theatre, under Simpson, Wallack's, Brougham's, Burton's, Daly's, Palmer's—you found there the splendid legacy of old English comedy and the inspiring maintenance of Shakespeare well done. Only now and again did some robust personality, like that of Edwin Forrest, champion the cause of the American drama.

The many historians of the early theatre in this country acknowledge the unexplainable prejudice against native plays; when they were accepted for production, they were slipped across the footlights like thieves, trespassers in the night. Here is what W. B. Wood writes, in 1813, of James N. Barker's dramatization of Scott's *Marmion:*

> The merit of the piece was positive, but the old difficulty remained. I knew the then prejudice against any native play, and concocted with Cooper a very innocent fraud upon the public. We insinuated that the piece was a London one, had it sent to our theatre from New York, where it was made to arrive in the midst of rehearsal, in the presence of the actors, packed up exactly *like pieces we were in the habit of receiving from London. It was opened with great gravity, and announced without any author being alluded to.* None of the company were in the secret, as I well knew "these actors cannot keep

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counsel", not even the prompter. It was played with great success for six or seven nights, when, believing it safe, I announced the author, and from that moment *it ceased to attract.*

Insidious as such prejudice may be, it was none the less a potent factor in the slow fight of American literature for recognition, carried on by its own workers—like Poe and Cooper and Simms. Even as late as the 'eighties the manager A. M. Palmer deplored the fact that Bronson Howard had taken the Civil War, rather than the Crimean, for his dramatic theme, and thus frowned upon the writing of *Shenandoah.*

Heretofore the literary historian has neglected the study of early American drama in relation to the social forces inspiring it. I am sure that by so doing he has missed vivid material. And he has blotted out from his consideration aspects of taste that were very real to men like Irving, Robert Montgomery Bird, Hugh Henry Brackenridge, Cooper, Simms, and Kennedy. These men attempted the drama in no mere spirit of condescension. Simms was active in the history of the Charleston Theatre; Irving collaborated with John Howard Payne in a manner so vigorous as to demand more careful consideration. These men loved the drama as a form, they were flattered if their novels were selected for dramatization—though the melodrama of dialogue sometimes scared them and made them feel their florid romance misrepresented.

This close contact with the theatre was noticeable in every walk of life. Our early Presidents were friends of the actors, and corresponded with them as well as with the playwrights. One reaches the conclusion that never, since the 'seventies or 'eighties, has the playhouse in America been so closely in touch with the social life of the people. I like to run through Washington's expense book to measure how frequently he bought tickets for the play; I enjoy the correspondence between John Adams and our polemical dramatist, Mrs. Mercy Warren; and did not John Quincy Adams carry on a spirited debate with James H. Hackett, of Falstaff fame, regarding the plays of Shakespeare? It was a known thing in those days for legislatures to adjourn that an actor might be seen by the lawmakers.

The romance of the play in America, therefore, is the romance

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of America in the making. The reminiscences of the actors recall the customs and habits when primæval forest gave way to the blazed trail and the stagecoach. To read what Tyrone Power, the elder, wrote of this country in the 'thirties, is to find reflected the pioneer crudeness of American condition. There is no better picture of early New York below Canal Street than Fanny Kemble offers in her vivacious *Journals*. Dunlap and Dr. Francis, in their stage records, present vivid pictures of after-Revolutionary atmosphere.

It is this social atmosphere that is, to me, the determining factor in the value of a study of early American drama. To some it may be of vast importance to settle whether the theatre in Williamsburg, Va., or the theatre in Charleston, S. C., or the theatre in New York, housed the first actors in America, and whether these Thespians arrived in 1756, or 1750, or 1703. For such I might explode a bomb by saying that the first actors to sail across seas were not those found in the West Indies and the Colonies, but those who came with Cortes, in 1524, and who formed the amateur company for the amusement of Champlain in the winter of 1606–7.

In the study of American drama I cannot go as far back as that, but we may say with certainty that 1714 marks the beginning of playwriting in this country—a bitter satire penned by Hunter, the Governor of the Colony of New York, against those persons and forces of Trinity Parish expecting of him outlets he failed to grant, by reason of which he was accused of political compromise with the Dissenters.

The play was called *Androborus: A Biographical Farce*, and, though printed, only one copy survives—once owned by David Garrick, Kemble, and the Duke of Devonshire, and now in the library of Mr. Henry E. Huntington, of New York. It was never acted. The censor might strongly object to the epithets and thinly veiled invectives and allusions in this piece. Everything is found to be based on actual incidents. Hunter was a friend of Addison and Steele; he knew the value of wit and satire as a lampoon. Here, in this manuscript, for the first time, the mirror is held to the face of American conditions. In recent years, W. J. Hurlbut wrote a piece for the theatre, *The Writing*

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on the Wall, which dealt with tenement conditions in Trinity Parish. American dramas repeat themselves in subject matter.

Previous to the Revolution, poetic tragedy and Indian romance raised their heads almost simultaneously. Thomas Godfrey, Jr.'s *The Prince of Parthia* (1765) was the first play written and printed to be acted; and George Cocking's *The Conquest of Canada* (1766) was the second. Robert Rogers's *Ponteach* (1766) presents the Red Man with the same historical accuracy of detail that is later used by Parkman, but with more intimate authority. But there are secondary characters in this latter play which show conclusively, at the outset of American playwriting, that there was a strong attempt at realistic portrayal of frontier life, of government officials, and of the main characteristics of Colonial social relationships.

Take, for instance, this thumbnail sketch of trading ethics, from *Ponteach:*

M'Dole.—A thousand Opportunities present
To take Advantage of their Ignorance;
But the great Engine I employ is Rum,
More pow'rful made by certain strength'ning Drugs.
This I distribute with a lib'ral Hand,
Urge them to drink till they grow mad and Valiant;
Which makes them think me generous and just,
And gives full Scope to practise all my Art.
I then begin my Trade with water'd Rum,
The cooling Draught well suits their scorching Throats.
Their Fur and Peltry come in Quick Return;
My Scales are honest, but so well contriv'd,
That one small Slip will turn Three Pounds to One. . . .

The Prince of Parthia, given a recent revival by the students of the University of Pennsylvania, first saw the stage under the direction of Hallam in 1767. At this time our native playwright made his bow before the colonial public. As a student of the College of Philadelphia, Godfrey had come in contact with the painter Benjamin West, and had been shaped by the same influences that affected the career of Francis Hopkinson. The latter was instrumental in writing *Dialogues* reflective of political allegiance and independence, characteristic of theatrical efforts made by students of the College of Philadelphia and the College

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of New Jersey. Theatricals flourished both North and South. The colleges were the cradles of amateur players: at William and Mary, and Harvard, the Restoration spirit was maintained. But here, in a form used so successfully by Hopkinson, by Hugh Henry Brackenridge and Freneau, we come in contact with the temper of the time. At one moment these *Dialogues* flaunt *The Military Glory of Great Britain;* at another *The Rising Glory of America.* Now you get George III exalted, and then you have the fall of British tyranny. In other words, these exercises, fostered by the colleges, reflect Colonial resentment and individual pride.

These writers displayed a certain amount of literary feeling. Rogers was on sure ground with the Indians; Godfrey had the usual attitude toward romantic drama and Elizabethan verse one might expect from a Colonist. In possibly the same creative spirit George Sandys, on reaching the Virginia Colony, sat him down from his labors and penned a translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses.* But I find that in Mr. Archibald Henderson's definitive edition of *The Prince of Parthia* there is suggested a rich vein of culture forming the background for Godfrey, and in Mr. Allan Nevins's historical edition of *Ponteach,* there is attempted justification, well founded, of Rogers's fitness for writing Indian drama. Thus, in the future, might some student justify the modern frontier spirit of Colonel Roosevelt by the editing of his *The Winning of the West.*

The Revolutionary period is clearly demarked in the history of American drama. The various theatrical companies that had amused the Colonists with Shakespearean and Restoration drama found themselves abandoned by Acts of Congress at the commencement of war, just as they had been hemmed in before by Colonial Puritanical acts against performances of any sort within certain districts. One of the excitements of the stage history of this period is how the actor escaped the magistrates in Boston, in Hartford, and other towns!

No sooner were the theatres closed for the better conduct of the war than they were reopened by the British—in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, so long as Tory tenure of those cities was kept. Generals Clinton, Howe, Burgoyne were pa-

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trons—more likely managers as well—of the playhouses under redcoat régime. In fact, Burgoyne was himself no mean dramatist. He ridiculed the enemy in a manuscript now lost, *The Blockheads of Boston;* which was immediately answered in stinging words of retaliation by Mrs. Mercy Warren, with her *The Blockheads, or, The Affrighted Officers* (1776). The study of the Tory theatre is as full of color as any other phase of early American social life. Major André was the popular scene-painter of the day.

But it is the polemical character of the playwriting done which adds to the pictured heat of the time. In an excellent pamphlet, written by P. I. Reed, as a college thesis,[1] it has been very convincingly maintained, not only for this period but for all native dramatic compositions before 1870, that there is a plentiful amount of realistic treatment of character in our supposedly crude drama. Mrs. Warren's *The Group* (1775), Jonathan Sewall's *A Cure for the Spleen* (1775), Brackenridge's *The Battle of Bunkers-Hill* (1776) and John Leacock's *The Fall of British Tyranny* (1776) are a mixture of polemics, of timely history,—close upon the event,—of correct portraiture and powerful, relentless caricature. It is the bombast, however worthy the sentiment, which sounds strange to modern ears. Leacock makes Washington say:

> I have drawn my sword, and never will I sheath it till America is free, or I am no more. . . . Finding they cannot conquer us, gladly would they make it up by a voluntary free will offering of a million of money in bribes. . . . Blasted, forever blasted be the hand of the villainous traitor that receives their gold upon such terms—may he become leprous, like Naaman, the Syrian, yea, rather like Gehazi, the servant of Elisha, that it may stick to him forever.

Political figures, military personages, farmers, men and women in all walks of life, from the ladies and their beaux to slave servants with rudimentary negro dialects, are here portrayed, and are variously improved upon in years to come.

All of this suggests that even before Royall Tyler made his momentous visit to the theatre in New York—his first visit, like forbidden fruit—there was in the literary atmosphere a self-

[1] *The Realistic Presentation of American Characters in Native American Plays Prior to Eighteen Seventy.*

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conscious desire to reflect the life of the time. *The Contrast* is a very evident copy of *The School for Scandal.* It shows on its face the mark of imitation, but it likewise shows certain definite and original traits. The society setting is the Battery, New York; the society spirit is the London drawing room. But the importance attached to this poor copy of Sheridan is that it definitely, and for the first time, launches the Yankee type on a long career of evolution, through various stages of caricature, through different lingoes and every variety of costume inventiveness could prescribe.

The Yankee's marks of tongue are as distinguishing as his chin beard and striped trousers. In *The Contrast,* Jonathan says "dang it", "tarnation", "'tarnal", "gor", and uses other such New England phrases. He sings *Yankee Doodle,* and has a provincial horror of the theatre, though he is human enough to sit enthralled when he accidentally finds himself in one. From the very outset there is a downright, common honesty about the type—always emphasized on the stage—which lends striking contrast to the high-flown social ambitions of the society group, grubbing for money and for social prestige.

The success of Tyler with his comedy started William Dunlap on the road to writing plays and managing theatres. And thus, in one fell swoop, *The Contrast* is responsible for the Father of American Comedy and for the Father of the American Theatre.

The plays of our forefathers developed along broad lines. Though many of them are preserved, and differ in details of treatment, there are dominant streaks of development which may be succinctly summarized. The after-Revolutionary period of drama shows the conflict of views on the Constitution, when political parties were having their factional arguments and often splitting families, as Tory and Loyal feeling rent homes in the Revolution. Samuel Low's *The Politician Out-witted* (1788), *Federalism Triumphant* (1802), by an unknown hand, and many other similar pieces are illustrative of this interest. Let us eavesdrop and hear what the fathers of a youthful couple in love have to say, each to the other, of their political opinions—differences which threaten to upset the even tenor of their children's romance:

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LOVEYET. I tell you it [the Constitution] is the most infernal scheme that ever was devis'd.

TRUEMAN. And I tell you, sir, that your argument is heterodox, sophistical, and most preposterously illogical.

LOVEYET. I insist upon it, sir, you know nothing at all about the matter; and give me leave to tell you, sir—

TRUEMAN. What—give you leave to tell me I know nothing at all about the matter! I shall do no such thing, sir—I'm not to be govern'd by your *ipse dixit.*

LOVEYET. I desire none of your musty Latin, sir, for I don't understand, not I.

TRUEMAN. Oh, the ignorance of the age! To propose a plan of government like the new Constitution. . . .

I should say, therefore, to those who asked what plays amused our forefathers, other than the standard repertories brought them by visiting actors from London, or maintained by native actors of the same mould, that they were political in character, rural, historical, dealing with all the wars, and distinctly social. The American theatre kept close to the life about it—for Indians were among its audience and often appeared as participants on the playbills, and the darkey invited the early development of the minstrel, who was a much more highly developed type than the plays written for him would suggest. It is unfortunate that in the study of American plays—not as literature, but as vehicles of entertainment, and thus the measure of current theatre taste—these unliterary scripts are not regarded as being amplified by the skilled acting of the period. From 1800 to 1870 the American drama developed along lines encouraged by the tragic proportions of the actor Forrest, and the comedy skill of James H. Hackett. There was likewise that interest in the theatre which clings to literary groups of writers; and so we have dramatists of the Philadelphia school and of the Knickerbocker school, who were frequenters of first nights and approached the stage through encouragement from and personal touch with the players.

Native characteristics were continually developed, and thus we have as long a list of Indian plays as of Yankee pieces. Cooper did not usurp the field. And to add to the vividness of the type, Forrest gave memorable performances, beginning in

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1829, of *Metamora, or, The Last of the Wampanoags*, which exactly suited his animalism and his colorful dignity.

Polite drama, otherwise known as high comedy, came to the fore when Anna Cora Mowatt wrote *Fashion* (1845), and this piece is typical of a long line of similar plays: from James N. Barker's *Tears and Smiles* (1807) and Mrs. Bateman's *Self* (1856) through Bronson Howard's *Saratoga* to the polished irony of Landon Mitchell's *The New York Idea*. The social ambitions of the *nouveau riche*, the directness of the American Yankee, undazzled by pretensions and wealth, the disrupting demands of climbers, seem crude in every point, but they were real to the dramatists and audiences brought up amidst Victorian morals and manners. Take Tiffany, in *Fashion*, and you will note what one writer has termed the "high pressure system" at work which characterizes present-day American business methods. The dialogue of these plays is not brilliant, the plots are meagre, but they are first-hand note-books of manners. In fact, we are told there were New York parvenues who did not care for Mrs. Mowatt after she had written *Fashion!*

The dramatists of our forefathers were always true to current events. Leacock's *The Fall of British Tyranny* introduced Washington for the first time in fiction. When Dunlap wrote his *André*, the Major was still alive, pointing to a contemporaneousness not often equalled.

Read John Murdock's *The Politicians, or, A State of Things* (1798) for conditions during Washington's second administration; turn to Dunlap's *Yankee Chronology* (1812) for the temper of the war; consult A. B. Lindsley's *Love and Friendship* (1809) for a reflection of the Embargo. Smith's *The Eighth of January* (1829) deals with Jackson's victory at New Orleans; Mead's *Wall Street, or, Ten Minutes Before Three* (1819) reflects some of the crudities of the banking system; Freemasonry is discussed in Kendall's *The Doleful Tragedy of the Raising of Jo. Burnham* (1832); and Mormon life of 1853 is discussed in a play by Thomas Dunn English.

Is there not some value to a kodak picture of Wall Street traffic in the following from Mead's play? Mr. Oldtimes goes to a bank with a check:

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OLDTIMES. What a crowd here is, pushing and shoving, and counting money—*paper rags*. I can remember when good old gold and silver were all the money we had; and then every man was his own banker. But, now, we have banks, and brokers, and shinners, and shavers, and along with them your merchant tailors, and your merchant shoemakers, and your merchant this thing and that thing.[2]

There is no end to such plays, and most of them have served their contemporary purpose, and have not the literary merit to survive. Political parties, Clay and Jackson, trade conditions, fashions, French influence, the approach of Abolition—all these themes were very live to the dramatists of the day. And as such, they hold the picture of the moment. Here is a glimpse of the politician's grip on voters in Virginia, in 1824, a scene from L. Sawyer's *Blackbeard*:

TURPIS. (*A common people's candidate for representative to the State Assembly, to a constituent.*) I'll stand to it, I want no better friend than this jug, with what little I can put in slyly between drinks. The bottle's the best electioneerer, after all. . . .

MULEY. That's right, stick to the bottle. Treat the children with cakes, and their mothers with . . . punch: it will set their tongues running in your praise. . . . If you can gain the women, you are sure of the men, as the head of a ship is steer'd by the stern, or—

TURPIS. Or as a butcher steers a calf by the tail. Yes, I think we shall get the advantage of Candid, eh, Muley? For though he has got more book knowledge, I have got more impudence, which will stand me in its stead, with a majority. . . . Have you seen old Roughy? We must gain him; for he has more influence than any man in the county. His sons, and brothers, and uncles, and their connections could nearly elect a man of themselves. . . . But do you have me a jug of whiskey on the grounds. Zounds; I can't afford to give away brandy; it would cost six pence a vote, but with whiskey I can get them for half that.

This philosophy is easily sustained by the results of the democratic vote: Turpis won!

Tyler's *The Contrast*, in the rôle of Jonathan, gave us the first Yankee in the theatre. A book might well be written on this personage, so well held in the popular mind by the figure of Uncle Sam. Appealing to the groundlings at first, superior acting brought it to its highest form. There was pleasant rivalry

[2] Quoted in P. I. Reed's Thesis.

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among the comedians of the day, whose power of mimicry and appreciation of Yankee eccentricity were their chief assets.

The form of entertainment that encouraged such Yankee delineation as that in which James H. Hackett excelled—in which he varied the evening with passages of New England drawl, of Irish brogue and of French vivacity—was probably suggested to him by the success of the English actor, Charles Matthews, in a similar programme. But the character of the Yankee, as a creative being, was indigenous to the soil.

A long list of plays exploited the type. There were L. Beach's *Jonathan Postfree, or, The Honest Yankee* (1807); Samuel Woodworth's pastoral, *The Forest King, or, American Farmers* (1825); Logan's *The People's Lawyer* and *The Vermont Wooddealer* (1844). The very names of the lanky countrymen are suggestive of the long drawl and the short manners: Horsebean Hemlock, Solon Shingle, Deuteronomy Dutiful, and Sam Slick.

George H. Hill and Dan Marble were two other actors who made the Yankee peculiarly their own. In fact, so great a reputation did they attain that one only had to address a letter to "Yankee" Hill to have it reach him, wherever he happened to be.

None of these actors had any far-fetched notion that they were helping to develop a phase of the American drama. They dropped into eccentric acting through their peculiar, specialized gifts, and plays were adapted to their ability. These were the requirements, when an actor asked a playwright for a drama—to fit him with a cloak of his artistic texture. All of the prizes offered by Edwin Forrest in the interests of American playwriting were awarded on condition that their results might contain rôles suited to him. That is why our early American tragedy—examples of which are perhaps richer than in any other form—modelled, as was John Howard Payne's *Brutus*, on English lines, might be called the muscular school of American drama.

Strange to say, in the midst of all this romantic tragedy that went far afield in setting and plot from the homespun of America, there breathed, as for instance in R. T. Conrad's *Jack Cade* (1835), a spirit of liberty which overcame the foreign strangeness of subject and won American sympathy. When Henry DeMille wrote his French Revolutionary *Paul Kauvar*, he aimed to

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appeal to the justice, the law abiding spirit, of the American people.

Forrest was not an exception to the rule in his demands on the dramatist. When James William Wallack, in 1836, offered one thousand dollars, through George P. Morris's *Mirror*, for "some striking and powerful American subject", he added the customary requirement,—"of course, I am desirous that the principal character should be made prominent, and adapted to me and my dramatic capabilities, such as they may happen to be." Nathaniel P. Willis, though not competing, was fired through this announcement to essay his hand at drama, thus entering the field in a series of attempts, the most noteworthy of which was *Tortesa the Usurer* (1839).

Had it not been for Forrest, it is certain that at least nine, if not more, plays of veritable merit would never have seen the light—plays which were brought to notoriety through the power of highly stressed reading, distinctive of the period. These were John Augustus Stone's *The Ancient Briton* (1833) and *Metamora, or, The Last of the Wampanoags* (1829), Bird's *Pelopidas* (1830), *Oralloosa* (1832) and *The Gladiator* (1831), together with his *The Broker of Bogota* (1834), Richard Penn Smith's *Caius Marius* (1831), George H. Miles's *Mohammed* (1850) and Robert T. Conrad's *Jack Cade.* There was another playwright who did not come under the Forrest régime, but who created the one poetic drama, *Francesca da Rimini* (1853), which has persisted to recent times—George Henry Boker, who, in his correspondence said much about discrimination against the American author.

Even in the field of dramatization, the actor usually turned to literature for types suited to his capabilities. Hackett sought throughout the works of Washington Irving for American themes and characters suited to him. He prompted Kerr in the first version (1829) of *Rip Van Winkle;* he attempted, with small success, a play based on the *Knickerbocker's History of New York;* he encouraged the backwoods drama, when he persuaded James K. Paulding to write for him *The Lion of the West*, containing the rôle of Colonel Nimrod Wildfire.

There was another species of play encouraged by the theatre

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of our forefathers' day—the drama of local interest, centering about the cosmopolitan life of the city—especially of New York: John Brougham's *Life in New York* (1856), Dion Boucicault's *The Poor of New York* (1857), and others of like character, culminating in Augustin Daly's *Under the Gaslight* (1867). Such plays created two city types, the discharged soldier of the Civil War, who became a messenger-boy, and Mose, the fireman, who, as delineated by the actor Chanfrau, became the idol of the Bowery.

But, even with this rich welter of dramatic materials, the theatre, until Tom Robertson's time in England, was dominated by stereotyped melodramatic situations which gave opportunity to Dion Boucicault, the "hack" dramatist of the day. Otherwise, the bulk of material for stage presentment was adapted from French and German sources. This habit of translating was pernicious to the native product and began with Dunlap's arrangements of Kotzebue; it filled much of the writing energy of Augustin Daly. Then came the "cup and saucer" plays, with their new methods of acting, and the modern manager with his new methods of exploiting. And the era of our forefathers was at an end.

And these dramas, so full of contemporaneous detail, were put upon the shelf, where, as far as the living theatre is concerned, they may remain. Their real flavor was partly due to the acting which served to keep them alive. The texts were the short-hand delineations for the player to fill and round out. Had it not been for John E. Owens, where, for instance, would have been the substance of Solon Shingle, as contained in the printed text of *The People's Lawyer?*

Up to 1870, except in these vaudeville excellences, with which our theatre was made native, there was written scarcely a play worthy to be called literature. But there is no disputing that these varied pieces served their varied theatrical purposes. And that they reflected the immediate interests of the day can be clearly seen. In type, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as a play is scarcely readable. The early versions of *Rip Van Winkle* are crude. *Metamora* was never published, and, after Forrest's voice was stilled, the manuscript passed slowly out of sight; in its

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entirety it is not yet located. Only now after many years of obscurity have the plays of Robert Montgomery Bird been published for the first time, and their value is hardly in their poetic distinction, but in the flavor they still contain of a highly colored emotion. There is a list of missing names from the dramatic library of the past. Murdock's *Davy Crockett*—where is it? And where Benjamin E. Woolf's *The Mighty Dollar*, with the famous Judge Bardwell Slote, M. C., so vividly played by W. J. Florence? Where is Mark Twain's *The Gilded Age*, whose Colonel Mulberry Sellers stepped forth a living creation under the art of John T. Raymond? Yet these plays represented the popular taste of theatregoers in the days of our forefathers. With their passing, a distinct era passed also. But their types persist in the modern play.

We even look askance at Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which is not now allowed general circulation in our schools, which, in its dramatized form, seems as impossible as the ten-, twenty- and thirty-cent melodramas we have rejected on our stage, but accept with equanimity in our movies. Mrs. Stowe, you will recall, refused to have the book dramatized on the score that any Christian movement—such as that for the abolition of slavery—would be contaminated by its connection with the loose morals of the theatre. She never received a cent from the thousands of performances given of the play. If we to-day refuse the dramatization, it is merely because the issue is over, the technique of the theatre has changed, and there remain only exaggerated types amidst lurid situations. This paper will have been written in vain if it is not realized that apart from the contemporary impress of manner and character, the bulk of the plays of our forefathers are valueless and dull. In some of them there is literary quality, but when these are found they are a surprise and not the general rule. Yet no student of American manners and customs can avoid them. A past life is their present redeeming trait.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.

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CRITICAL ARCHITECTURE

BY STARK YOUNG

Mr. Edwards had been over for several months and I had seen him in the pension at Siena. He was a man moderately tall, with brown hair and faded blue eyes, a little screwed up with an old intention not to be taken in. There was a sense of power about him, not so much about him exactly as about his forefathers; compared to some image one got through him of them, he seemed weaker and generally less, an impression of a strong mass shrunken, a kind of Christian ram that had dwindled and shrunk and got pointed up here and there. And his mouth twitched downward at the corners.

He was here in Italy because the doctor had prescribed the change for him. A nervous condition generally he had, which the war had greatly aggravated. Mr. Edwards had taken the war very seriously, had swallowed all the newspaper propaganda, and had raged from the outset to go to the aid of the Mother Country, as he called England. Since the war Mr. Edwards had not seemed able to pull himself together. He had worried too much, besides, over the atrocities and he had knitted socks too much in the evenings, he said, to recover at once.

Mrs. Edwards had not come over with her husband. She had launched some civic work at home in Durham which she expected to benefit the whole of Western Massachusetts and she had felt that she ought to stay and see it through. And so it had been hard for Mr. Edwards at first alone in a foreign country. But he had got to liking Italy; and when I had seen him last in Florence he was buying with great abandonment at Mr. Coles's in the Borgo San Iocopo prints, of terrible works it must be said, Carlo Dolci, Guido Reni, Sassoferato's Madonna with the blue veil, and educational pieces, mostly Roman ruins, for his son, who was a professor in a theological seminary somewhere in the State. I had come, then, to think of Mr. Edwards in Florence among the

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more second-rate glories there, looking up historical spots like Savonarola's cell and the tomb of Amerigo Vespucci.

So that I was surprised one day in Venice to find him in the Piazza San Marco at one of the tables of a little café that had been thrown out over the quay for the season.

It was autumn, the season in Venice when the moist wind is touched with the perfumes of that delicious death everywhere in the gardens of the town. At night the moon and the stars shone; and all day the light flooded the palaces by the canals, which were golden and rose and blue and white above their floating images. Over the bright walls dead leaves drifted down on to the paving stones of the streets and floated on the water. The church bells, coming in crowds at their due hours, fell on the sharp clearness of the air like great brazen flowers shaken down. And now as I sat there, I could hear music somewhere, a girl singing, poignant, almost shrill, like some secret entreaty to all the sails going out smaller and smaller on the rim of the sea. The sky was golden fading into dusk above the golden darkening water. But in this golden twilight Venice seemed more rose-tint and aureate than ever, more magnificently proud, more gorgeous in her dream. Everything had something in it that lifted the city and its life into a kind of deeper truth, like that of art. The substance of it seemed to tremble and dilate itself.

It was the contrast of this with Mr. Edwards that had started Venice afresh in my mind. When I came back to the thought of him he looked more drab and more Durham than ever in this gorgeous world, far more so than in Siena or Florence, which have after all their crabbed spots and their narrow pinch of Puritanism.

"Do you know," he said immediately after my opening salutations and inquiries, "I've come here every evening I've been in Venice to look at this Library of St. Mark's."

"Really?" I said, not quite understanding.

"It seems to me very good."

I looked at Sansovino's façade which I had known so long, those columns and pilasters and the panels above and that sculptured frieze; the elegant arrangement, the superb sophistication of it. How cold the mind was there! And how much knowledge, how much of the spiritual indifference and magnificent mentality of

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the Renaissance! The golden lights fell across it now at this hour, the figures coming more alive than their creator meant them to be, and some of their suave and fertile invention running fast away from its rich restraint toward a sheer ecstasy in that enchanting light.

But these reflections could not help me with Mr. Edwards.

"The façade, you see," he said.

"Yes," I said.

"I find it very interesting."

"And of course," I said, "in this light, just after sunset."

"It seems to me very unusual. Excellent. I presume there is a good photograph of it. I must see about that."

"Photographs are unsatisfactory, of course," I said luminously; "the reduced scale and no color."

"I can get a colored one perhaps. I want you should go with me," he said, "if it is not too inconvenient."

I agreed.

My *casate* came, and he was finishing his. We sat eating for a while in silence, both of us looking now and again at the Library of St. Mark's, which in the blue dark air had become like some great figured ivory stirring with the rhythms of its profound surface. Now and then I saw the gondoliers going down to their craft; and a seller of flowers with pyramids of jasmine passed us, and of oleanders, dull rose in the growing dusk, their perfume spreading on the languid sea air.

"I want to see my home again and my family, of course," Mr. Edwards said at length, "my wife and son and his wife—he's been married a year to-morrow. But I am sorry to leave all this. One gets accustomed to it, I guess."

"One develops new æsthetic needs," I replied absently.

But Mr. Edwards was now going to talk. "And yet after all it will be good to be at home," he began; "after all it is where one belongs. And Durham of course is an exceptional place, though I am a citizen who say it. You've been there? Yes, I remember now you said you had. An exceptional place, excellent streets, splendid shade trees, elms, unusually good educational advantages and churches and a good business town." I nodded, and he went on: "And splendid old houses. Do you know the

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James Brown house, 1783? The Brewer house, that was 1745?" —and so on. I did not remember them, though I privately remembered that they were about as different from one another as a set of chairs. They were simple, Mr. Edwards continued, very simple, of course, but full of a fine restraint and taste. Those phrases I recalled myself from Durham. He was going by on his way up, to see his son and his daughter-in-law, a fine young woman, very unusual for these days. The daughter of a professor in Brown University. A splendid, ideal young woman. She could read Greek, could sew and could cook, and she had written a pageant. He thought his son very fortunate. Then Mr. Edwards suddenly stopped and pulled himself together. "That reminds me," he cried, at least he almost cried, "if I'm going to-morrow I'd better go see about that photograph now while I think of it. You have your coffee on hand—no, don't trouble. I'll come back." He hurried away.

The light had died like a passion that changes little by little into a memory. And now with the darkness falling, the lamps of the Piazza had come on. And now the façade of the Library of St. Mark's was like a great painting in grisaille, incomparably complete in itself, and magical with a kind of intellectual rhythm strangely apparent in the dull glare of the lights; quietly ornate, and broadly sure of itself; and sure of those forms in it that arrested and held in marble the fleeting glory of thought.

But I was more absorbed with my problem. Romantic Venice, I could see that; the gondolas, the water, the serenades, the color of the Doge's Palace, the ices, Byron, Browning, the glass, the legends, and the rest. Or I could have understood some pious or mystical structure, some emotion of the soul built up in stone and full of prayers and half-lights. But not the Library of St. Mark's. What Mr. Edwards found there for himself puzzled me beyond measure.

I tried to go over in my mind this Mr. Edwards from Durham. His pinched face was full of character, a sort of tart aspic of character, it was true, but character all the same, the force to keep himself in a continuous unit of thought and will. I thought of his Durham, its homely tone, the sense in it of a green-shaded calm in a teacup. Of those college girls on the streets with their

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athletic random, their slang and their unlovely voices. Of those ladies going by in closed automobiles, so many of them settled there on the easy cushions with tightened lips and a grim determination on their faces, but toward what, I could never make out, the determination to be determined, I suppose. I thought of those fine and tingling winter days, all whiteness, full of energy and drive. And of their dull evenings, propped up with the middle-class Anglo-Saxon's reverence for mere dullness, or by the citizens flattering themselves that all this was a deep life of thought. I recalled most of the culture in Durham, a passable taste in safe, stale things. I thought of Durham's pious political eloquence, slightly catarrhal; of its churchgoers and its sly gay dogs. And of the handful of people of living and beautiful worth, torturing themselves into staleness for lack of enough to whet their lives upon in such an atmosphere. And I thought of those houses, Browns, Brewers, and the rest, that Mr. Edwards had remembered phrases to praise. They did have a certain simplicity, charm, or even elegance in a small way. The poetry, too, they had of old tea-caddies and candlesticks and parental affection, however quiet, of long-dead faces and half forgotten hymnologies. But what a pity that so much attention as they got could not be also applied to an art more ample, august and significant and capable of wider experience!

What I pondered was this: If Mr. Edwards was so impressed with Sansovino's façade, what effect did it have on him? How could he like Durham architecture and Sansovino's, of which in style Durham's best was a distant descendant? But that much was not so difficult. The two things satisfied two wants of his nature. Or they were compensations for repressions that had gone on, inhibitions. And perhaps his mind was compartmental, watertight compartments—to use the phrase attributed to a hundred people. Very well. But my problem remained, nevertheless.

How can you really see the point of Sansovino's art and that art not be a criticism on yourself, on the rest of your living and thinking, on your taste, which after all emerges from the kind of man you are? It ought not to make you dislike Durham, but it ought certainly to make you see how lean a phrase Durham is in life and art. The problem reminded me of professors I have

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known who spoke of being in a state that they described as reading through an author, Sophocles for example. But what exactly do they get from it of any depth if the Sophoclean does not become a comment and criticism of their minds and souls, a part of their lives? They would try to evade this point by calling it an emotional reaction, which of course it is in no sense that living through a day is not emotional. But without that do they see the Sophoclean point at all? If Mr. Edwards really saw Sansovino's art, there ought to be something in its formal elegance, warm rhythm and dignity and copious invention that would make him demand some august and fertile distinction in his own life and thinking and relationships. And that would make him want a number of added qualities in his daughter-in-law before she became Ideal Woman. And if Mr. Edwards really sees the point in Sansovino, the famed sincerity of the Brown house ought to sink somewhat into unvoluminous proportions by the unavoidable comparison with Sansovino's work, with that rich, fluent and elaborate material here unified into a large simplicity by the rhythm, pattern and cogency of fine artistic domination. At least Mr. Edwards would have to take a stand on these two estates and credos of living. It is quite all right to love Durham, but not to talk nonsense about it. Or must one be an artist to make this large transcription of art into one's own condition?

I thought of the arid cramp of those speeches in praise of the Library of St. Mark's; and then of the monologue about Durham and its virtues. The image of that face rose again in my mind; something about it of a wistful, converted snapping-turtle. It looked more pinched than ever in the midst of all this accomplishment, this release, this abundance of living, these *invenzioni mirabillissime e infinite cose*, these inventions most marvellous and infinite things that Leonardo used to tell his pupils of; this goodness and delight that spread from a profound art into the body and mind. By contrast with all this how pitiful seemed the record written on that intent face, of foolish inhibitions exercised often with no intelligent end or foresight but only for their own sake; the stamp there of egotistical indulgence in remorse and conscience and meaningless negation, sustained by complacent and

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jealous provincialism. I wondered what Sansovino and Venice had done to all this. If Mr. Edwards found himself the same and his satisfactions with Durham the same after all this, how much did he see at all what Sansovino meant?

He came back.

"The man had none in stock," he stated, "or so he said. I had to order a photograph sent to me. I suppose he is reliable."

"Quite," I said, automatically.

"Well, then, I must say goodbye and get back to my hotel and have my dinner and pack up. I leave early in the morning." We shook hands. I wished him a pleasant journey.

"If you should come to Durham again, let me know", he said; and turned away. I saw him stop a little way off and look around him once, slowly; then he disappeared down the arcade.

The late moon had come up now and the Piazza lamps had been cut off save for a few here and there. Venice had grown quieter, for the evening gaities were not yet arrived. From my far corner of the great square the noises of the city seemed far away. The dip of an oar measured the silence. The hour seemed to be made up of the silence that preceded a sound and the silence that followed it. But the measure of the oar was like a living pulse. There was nothing sterile or mechanical in it. And the rhythm of it everywhere, I knew, would be moving in the sleeping water the reflections of the stars. The moonlight now was creeping across the wide Piazza, strangely white; it touched the firm elegance and definity of the marble columns where they rose from the silver pavement. I watched the light climb higher and higher and rest at length on the frieze, whose figures sprang with that into life again, and whose elegance settled again upon it. The mind, I thought, has its passionate distinction, and the magnificent chaos of emotion in us has its deep urgency of order and pattern and its cold unity underneath. And in great art like this I could see the gorgeous and august necessity of life; and the heroic need of a large nature for moral domination of its powers.

I realized, as I sat there thinking, that Durham was fast becoming a problem in æsthetics. But it was human, too, and humanly it seemed far away and most unfruitful, and yet not with-

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out its poignant hidden beauty and pathos and heart. But like, too, a tune played on a little organ by a villager, stern and thin and insistent and quavering, with one stop always out and heard by hosts of Edwardses, who like it well enough and speak of it a little stubbornly as fine and simple. And how much, I asked myself, could Mr. Edwards read of this design by which an artist has written at least one comment on Durham's meagre ways of life? And how far was Mr. Edwards Durham-blind to the elaborate and abundant art of the Library of St. Mark's; in which the silent music of the motionless lines was so powerful that it created an illusion of a life richer and more beautiful than this life we have? Not of the highest reach of the soul, not that, but yet the music of intellectual beauty remaining true even now beneath the pressure of the moon's poetry and the Venetian night.

STARK YOUNG.

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A LEOPARD BY LAKE ELMENTEITA

BY LLEWELYN POWYS

> When the stars threw down their spears,
> And water'd heaven with their tears,
> Did He smile His work to see?
> Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Is there any animal more astounding, more amazing than a leopard? With what terrible precision their gilded limbs have been designed to deal out death, and in what a wonderful way their furtive and treacherous beauty symbolizes the soul of the strange continent which they inhabit!

"Bwana, bwana, chui n'kwesha pigga m'toto gombi!" "Master, master, a leopard has killed a calf!" Well do I remember how those words came to me from the cattle yards as early one morning I emerged from my hut in the highlands of British East Africa. I had been in the country only a few weeks and it was the first time an open attack had been made on the homestead by a leopard. I had heard them about often enough. The house I lived in was situated on the edge of a great forest and almost every night I would lie awake listening with awestruck intentness to the sound of their barking as it went echoing between the white pillar-like tree trunks. Until the sound was over all else would be silent, the very tree hyraxes remaining mute as with small blinking eyes they waited for its menace to die down into the circumambient darkness. With padded footfall to and fro these great cats would steal over the maiden-hair ferns and moon-lit mossgrown stones of the forest floor, but until this particular night none of them had approached the farm buildings which were built out upon the open veldt. I went to the shed and was shown the place between two rough cedar logs through which the leopard had crept. There had been rain in the night and with the help of some natives I tracked it by its spoor for a considerable distance until the grass grew so thick that we could no longer

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find any trace of it. I concluded that it had got away for good and returned to my house. At noon however a Masai herder came in to say that he had discovered the half-eaten body of a calf near the shore of Lake Elmenteita. He conducted me to the place and there under the shadow of a high cliff which jutted out over the water I found the mangled animal. Very little of it had been devoured, so that there seemed every prospect of the leopard returning to the kill as soon as darkness fell. I therefore made up my mind to wait for it.

The late afternoon found me clambering about the rocks of the escarpment looking for a good position in which to pass the night. I found what I wanted at last, a flat, inaccessible ledge some forty yards above where the calf lay. The moon I knew was almost full, so that if the sky remained clear it seemed that there was a good chance of my taking my revenge. I stuck a tiny piece of white paper on the sight of my rifle so as to render it visible even in a dim light.

It was a weird and isolated place, that escarpment, and as I sat watching the sun slowly sink towards the rim of the mountain range beyond the Rift Valley I became aware of a strange thing. It was as though all Africa at that enchanted hour was under some curious influence, as if it waited expectantly with indrawn breath for this half of the earth's globe to turn itself once again towards the spangled darkness of ultimate space. Unfamiliar noises rose from the water before me, and it was not till several minutes had passed that I realized their origin. Slowly, surely, from every quarter of the lake the monstrous amphibia were drawing in towards the shore. Presently I could see their colossal hippopotamus-heads rising to the surface, now here now there, as they lolled and yawned together in fabulous droves waiting impatiently for the fall of darkness when they would be able to come up out of the water and graze upon the cool dew-drenched grass of their midnight pasturage. The sun went down at last and from where I crouched I watched their huge unforgettable forms slipping and floundering through the rushes which bordered upon the edge of the lake where the silver froth lapped against the strand.

With the coming of the night the whole air became vibrant,

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quivering, palpitating. From innumerable minute scaly throats a song of praise rose to the creator of the world. In shrill and high tones that fantastical chorus throbbed and hummed against my ear drum. Now and again far above my head would sound the romantic alien call of some wild fowl winging its solitary way through the night. I waited and waited. A damp air, chilling and invisible, rose from the lake. It had about it the smell of thousands of unrecorded years that had passed in quiet procession over these remote waters, while century after century trees grew to their prime and rotted to water-logged decay, while century after century the bones of fabulous equatorial animals accumulated upon the slimy mud of the lake's bottom. It had about it the smell of water-pythons, of incredible crustacea, and of the fecund spawn of insects.

Then suddenly, loud and clear, breaking in upon the stillness of that wide moonlit stretch of water till every flag and every reed seemed to tremble, sounded the harsh note of a hungry leopard. And not only the reeds trembled, for scarcely had the first echo subsided than like a city slum waked suddenly from sleep a deafening clamor rose to the stars. The baboons which roosted in the rocks amongst which I sat had heard it. Turning my head I could see them clambering higher and ever higher in the dim light, clinging with their muscular black hands to the stony shelves or huddling one against another, hairy limb against hairy limb, in the deeper recesses of the cliff. It was then for the first time that I realized how nightly the barbarous imaginations of these hideous monkeys are haunted with panic fear of their crafty and subtle enemy, which leaps suddenly upon them out of the darkness and tears out their eyes! Gradually the barking of the leopard grew nearer. I got my rifle ready. I surmised that the animal was coming along a narrow game path which threaded its way between the boulders at the foot of the escarpment. All now was once more silent. Not a rustle, not the cracking of a twig to tell of the animal's approach or to disturb the spell-bound stillness of that amazing midnight landscape which under the liquid light of the moon lay extended in agonized suspense.

Like some wide plain of abandoned polar ice the tropical lake lay silent and immutable, and from the depths of the dark

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forest away on the left no sound rose. What had come over the baboons? I wondered. Were their superficial brains once more clouded in a nervous sleep? or were they, with narrow wide-open antique eyes peering over their grotesque snouts in abject alertness for their enemy?

Suddenly the leopard, elongated and serpentine, was crossing an open space below. There was something horrible and uncanny about the absolute silence of its movements. For a few moments I watched it. Delicately, daintily, it nibbled at the carcass, stepping round the mutilated body with fastidious tread. I pulled the trigger at last. Undoubtedly I had missed, for look as I might through the uncertain light I could see nothing. It was just as though at the report of my rifle a ghost-leopard had vanished into the air.

Slowly the time dragged by as I waited for the dawn. In the small hours of the morning I fell asleep. When I awoke it was already past six and the first rays of the great equatorial sun were glancing down upon Africa. Cold and stiff I stood up and looked about. Shafts of fine golden light were slanting down upon the basalt rocks, upon the flamingoes in the shallows,—and upon the miraculous spotted body of a dead leopard which, outstretched in all its bizarre beauty, lay by the edge of those far-off mysterious waters which are called by the natives Elmenteita.

Llewelyn Powys.

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TENDENCIES IN FRENCH LITERATURE

BY GEORGES LECHARTIER

It seems premature yet to look for the essential changes which the Great War has brought into literature, as it undoubtedly has into other forms and conditions of life, in France. It does not appear, at first glance, that any considerable change has recently taken place in French literature. The same names of authors are printed on the covers of the same magazines. These names, however, are not as numerous as they were before the summer of 1914, since many of them, including some of the best known, are now written on small wooden crosses on the battlefields of the Aisne and the Marne. Thus is written the name of Péguy, one of the youngest and most promising poets of the new school; so is that of Ernest Psichari, who in his last book, *L'appel aux Armes*, seems to have foreseen and foretold his own glorious death. But the roll of honor is too long to be fully recounted here.

Most of these young men belonged to the new school of literature, which was founded by a young professor, newly out of the *École Normale*, the school where the intellectual élite in France, after having passed a very difficult examination, undergo a wonderful training in Arts or in Science before being appointed to professorships in one of the Universities. This young man, Romain Rolland, author of the much-discussed pacifist book *Au-dessus de la mêlée*, had scarcely left the *École Normale* after being graduated when he became the editor of *Les Cahiers de la Quinzaine*, a magazine which soon led him to pecuniary bankruptcy. Around these *Cahiers*, an élite of young intellectuals began to meet, and a new literary formula found its expression among them.

The inspiration of this new literature was usually obscure or foggy in itself; and it was often made more so by the recondite character of its expression. Too often the writer indulged in

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or sought for some symbol, which was supposed to summarize a great number of high truths, deep thoughts and rare sentiments. And it did not matter if the plain truth were lost in the symbolism.

This school, so much opposed to the French genius, of which the formula is clearness, harmony, moderation and measure, does not seem to have survived the war. And although Paul Claudel, who is to-day the best representative of it, has some late admirers and some very young disciples, it seems to have yielded its ephemeral vogue to still less worthy and more ephemeral groups, such as Dadaism, which is to Literature what Cubism is to Art—a depressing parody, of which the less said the better.

Real French literature, which has always found its better expression in classicism and in realism,—the latter not to be misunderstood for naturalism,—is now as ever presented in the old and best-known magazine *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, the conservative review *Le Correspondant*, and the more advanced magazine, *La Revue de Paris*.

The inspiration which is now dominant in the articles, notably in the novels, published by these magazines, presents a characteristic departure from that which prevailed before the war. From the realist, dogmatic, social and almost eventless type of the spring of 1914, and after the great success of the master-novel of Paul Bourget, *Le Demon de Midi*, this inspiration has in the last two years become romanesque, sensational and decidedly individualist. Study has yielded to imagination, reality to extravagant fiction, analysis and observation to action. No better illustration of this is to be found than in the last book of Paul Bourget, *Un Drame dans le Monde*, first published in *La Revue des Deux Mondes*.

In *Le Demon de Midi*, the whole story presented by Paul Bourget was, through some pictures of country and Parisian life, the normal development of normal characters in a situation of everyday life. No thrilling episode, almost no excitement, was to be found. The plot was smooth, devoid of sensation. How very different is his *Un Drame dans le Monde*! Of course there is still the basic and—in his novels—almost essential triangle. But this is only the means of studying a character caught in the storm of passion, incited and nearly forced through ex-

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traordinary circumstances to commit a low and abject crime (murder of an old relative to get her money), and then seized by the anguish and agony of remorse. It is in fact the subject of the great novel of Dostoievsky, *Crime and Punishment*, transferred to high society in Paris in the year 1920. The only difference is that in the Russian story the centre of interest is in the fears of the murderer that he will be caught by the police and be sentenced to death, while in Paul Bourget's novel it is in the internal and never-ceasing remorse of the culprit who, secure from all suspicion, is terrorized by her own conscience as by an ever-present and ceaselessly-calling judge or executioner.

A woman who belongs to the smart set of Paris, the elegant and attractive Countess Odette de Malhyver, "tall and slender, with an extremely aristocratic profile, where every feature told the race," knowing no other rule than the customs and tolerance of her social circle, is deeply in love with the elegant and handsome Xavier de Larzac, who, heroic in the war, since peace has been signed professes in his club to hate war and to despise heroism. He had been infatuated with the fascinating Odette for a long time before the war, but is now seriously engaged in flirting with a society butterfly, the very rich and charming Cecile Machault. Odette's husband, the Count of Malhyver, is a half-dreamer, half-scientist or laic apostle, comrade of heroism in the trenches and always the friend of Xavier. Educated by the war, he believes now that every man, every citizen of a country, has a duty toward his country. He is anxious to fulfill his new duty created by peace, which he sees in the traditions of his family; he wishes to live with his peasants, socially helping and morally leading them, in the land of his forefathers. He is confirmed in his resolution by the fact that he has just learned that, through his wife's extravagance and his own carelessness, and because they have maintained their old *train de vie* in the new and high cost of living, they are half ruined.

But the views of Odette on the subject are entirely different. She wants to stay in Paris because the man she loves is in Paris. And no consideration, however social or moral, can divert her from this aim. Then a means of avoiding country life and simultaneously the dreaded ruin is offered to her, from which

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she at first recoils. She has been called to the bedside of an old, narrow-minded and very rich aunt, who, as she knows, has disinherited her. She is left alone to pass the night in the sick room. She knows that the will which contains her fate is somewhere there, and she has every reason to believe that there is no copy of it. If the will is destroyed, of course she will inherit; and this means that she will stay in Paris with Xavier.

The scene of the hesitation, of the repulsion, then the quick succession of decisive actions, looking for and finding the will, throwing it into the fire, is a masterpiece of art. So is the following scene, when Odette suddenly perceives that her aunt, momentarily a helpless paralytic, has seen her act; she realizes that as soon as the old woman recovers the use of her tongue she will denounce her; and she concludes that the only way to safety is to pour an overdose of digitalin into the beverage that has been prepared to soothe the invalid's pain and help her to sleep. In a mad fit, Odette mechanically pours the poison, refills the bottle with water, and flies from the room. Everything goes as she expected. The nurse gives the poisoned beverage. The old woman dies. Nobody suspects that the death has not been natural. Odette inherits.

Then commences the slow, relentless gnawing of remorse, made acute and alive by every detail of Odette's everyday life. She has a son, the very sight of whom, the son of a murderer, brings a new pain to her. The conversation, the mere presence, of her husband, with his lack of suspicion, she cannot bear. But her remorse reaches the climax when she discovers that her beloved Xavier is false to her for the sake of the captivating Cecile, and that he loves her no more; and she realizes that the haunting crime which she perpetrated for his sake and love was committed in vain. It seems to her that she has filled up the measure of abjection and misery when, after a highly dramatic interview, in which she at last confesses what she has done, the man who has been the direct cause of all only tears himself from her, orders her out, and shrieks to her, "Go! Go! You fill me with horror!"

Her punishment begins. She flies to the old castle, where her husband lives with her son. And there we witness, through

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small daily events or through the diary written by the utopian, blind and straightforward husband, the progress, slow and sure, of the incurable pain and agony, until Odette can bear the suffering no more, and until she is morally and physically obliged to confess to her husband both her crimes. There the interest of the book ends. Why the super-husband forgives, and how Odette strives to merit that forgiveness by staying for the remnant of her life in the old country home, devoting herself to the education of her son and to moral and social improvement of the rural population around her, we do not greatly care.

Such an extended analysis of Paul Bourget's book may not appear useless if we consider, first, that it was the book of the year in France and has supplied themes of conversation in most of the drawing rooms and social meetings in Paris and in the provinces, and second, that it illustrates better than any other example the new tendency of French literature toward sensation and action. Of course this new tendency could be found and just as easily pointed out in many other much-read novels of yesterday and of to-day; such, for instance, as *La Resurrection de la Chair* and *La Chair et L'Esprit*, by Henry Bordeaux. It is still better emphasized in Pierre Benoit's *L'Atlantide*. In a book of an entirely different inspiration, *Saint Magloire* by Roland Dorgeles, is a similar indication.

M. Dorgeles is the young author of *Les Croix de Bois*, a book published during the war which, because of its presentation of war scenes as seen by a soldier in the trenches, appealed immediately to the sentiment and to the very heart of the French public and carried the author to fame. His second book was, of course, waited for with great curiosity. It is always a much to be dreaded experience for a young author to come again before the public when his first appearance has proved such a success. Nobody is, as a rule, inclined to indulgence and the easy sentence, "This second book is not, by far, comparable to the first," seems to be the general verdict. M. Dorgeles was lucky enough, until now, to avoid this criticism and so, if his friends refrain from the first and somewhat excessive admiration which they showed, *Saint Magloire* may remain as one of the good books of this year.

Saint Magloire is the story of a man of medium standing in

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country life who, for some not very clear causes, went to Africa in order to evangelize the negroes. The gospel he preaches is a mixture of Manicheism, Buddhism, and Socialism that has very little or nothing to do with the Gospel of Christ and that seems, in fact, to be just as vague or obscure in the mind of the author as it is in the sermons of the Saint. The essential of it appears to be that two principles, one good and the other bad, fight in the conscience of every man, and the good one, after several experiences or after a series of successive lives, comes out generally as a winner, if the circumstances are favorable. How this singular theory has captivated and converted the African negroes is not explained. But we are told that it has been so. And, when the book begins, we learn that the Saint is coming back to his birthplace, a half-industrial, half-agricultural village, where everybody awaits him with emotion and where, against the word of the Christian Gospel, he soon becomes a prophet. However, being thus and unexpectedly favored by circumstances, whatever he tries in good intention turns out for the worse to those he wants to help. His family, where happiness and quietness reigned before his return, knows now fear, restlessness, and care: laughter is no more heard or allowed. The factory, where every man used to be pleased with his fate and where everything ran for the benefit of all, is now torn by discontent, jealousy of the workingmen toward the employers, aspiration of all for more justice, and, of course, for higher wages and shorter work-hours. At last Saint Magloire leaves the village to go to Paris in order to make more people profit by his new gospel. In Paris he enters the Chamber of Deputies during a session and immediately interrupts the debate by addressing the House and preaching solidarity between men and justice. He is not—as may have been well expected—immediately apprehended and gently sent to some asylum. On the contrary, while his adepts, who have followed and cheered him, are duly beaten by the police, he is protected by the same police against his opponents and, after some conversation, he is persuaded to go back to his village.

But while he has been campaigning in Paris everything seems to have gone wrong. On returning home he finds that his family has badly misbehaved, that the factory is on strike and that the

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small town is on the eve of a revolution. For all this he is, in some way or another, the only one responsible. In despair over this outcome, but not convinced that anything is wrong in the cause, he goes back to his negroes, the only people, as it seems, who are capable to understand him entirely and to realize the beauty of his gospel.

The intention of the author in writing this book is somewhat obscure. If he intended to teach us a new truth, expressing at the same time the thought that we might not be mature for it, we might agree that he was entirely right as far as the second proposition goes, but we are none the less sure that his new truth is worth listening to. If he only desired to illustrate once more the fact that the best man in the world, animated with the best intentions for the greatest happiness of all, may innocently sow discord, hatred and wholesale murders among his fellowmen and possibly destroy the whole world, we may find that the book is not wholly conclusive. And we may prefer to it the short story of Voltaire, *Memnon, or the Human Wisdom*, where the author, with incomparable interest and wit, presents to us the man who, "having decided one morning that he would be perfectly wise, commits nothing but foolishness during the whole day long." But if M. Dorgeles chose his subject as being the most convenient to show us the numerous circles of private and public life as pictures of life, we must agree that he succeeded.

This too rapid study would not be complete, however, if we did not at least indicate some of the progress of other currents of French literature, particularly that of History. The historians have been pursuing their great task, which now above all consists in fixing for generations to come the causes, the responsibilities, the developments and the achievements of the Great War. It is extremely difficult to take some *vues d'ensemble* of events which are still so near that we can scarcely see them save through the particular, detailed and inevitably prejudiced views of those who have been their spectators or actors, more often both. Each of these witnesses has seen only a small part, but naturally feels inclined to think that this small part is the most if not the only important one. It will be one of the interesting effects of the war to prove how often the most reliable

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documents can be candidly falsified, even by the most truthful and sincere person. The great work of the historians of to-day is not merely to search for and to gather documents, but also to find, among all the documents they have, the few which they can rely on, from which to write a trustworthy history of the war. This delicate and difficult work has already been tried with much success by Victor Giraud in his *Histoire de la Grande Guerre.* It is still methodically and scrupulously pursued in every part of the monumental *Histoire de la Guerre* prepared by the most prominent historians under the direction of M. Hanotaux. The great care of each and all of these writers is to achieve a true and scientific history, in opposition to the well-known and sceptical definition of Anatole France: "History is not a science. It is an art. One succeeds there only by using his imagination."

The same praise we have just given to the historians of facts and events should be awarded to the historians of Art. The *Histoire de l' Art,* published by the most capable French writers on Art under the direction of André Michel, will certainly stand, not only in France but in all countries interested in Art, a monument of the history of all the different arts from their origin down to their latest achievements in modern time. It counts already many volumes, all gorgeously illustrated with many and the most curious reproductions and engravings. The last volume published deals with Art during the seventeenth century, and is in all points worthy its predecessors.

The same tendencies which have been indicated in the French novel may be marked in the theatre of to-day. But by a strange anomaly, while the novel seeks movement and action, the theatre, at least the young theatre, conscious of its own importance, becomes an analyst and individualist. The action, when there is any, is secondary, and comes at the will of the playwright only to help the development or the explanation of some part of the leading character. Instead of being the real centre of interest, the action turns around one individual, placed by the author in exceptional circumstances which constrain him to reveal the depths of his mind and soul.

The best examples of this are furnished in many of the plays

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presented at the theatre of Le Vieux-Colombier, which, since its return from its three-years' course in New York, is considered the most advanced theatre of Paris. At this house, *Le Pauvre sous l'escalier* was the best play of the type we have just defined. All the play is the very sad story of Saint Alexis, of his religious calling, of his return to his creed, of his penitent life, of his death. Of the same inspiration and type is *L'Annonce faite à Marie* of Paul Claudel. It is the long, lamenting, dull, gloomy and—to the healthy and unprejudiced spectator—quite unendurable story of the election of a soul by God, the retirement of the elect from the world, her purification, her reward, her martyrdom.

The Nouveau Théâtre produced *Le Cœur des Autres* and *La Souriante Madame Beudet*, also comedies or dramas of personality. The first one shows an artist wholly unable to enjoy life, even so far as to feel as others feel, because through his profession, his art, or simply his mania, he reduces the feelings and hearts of those who cross his way, and perhaps who love him and whom he might have loved, into dramatic episodes and literature. The second play studies the secret hatred and the spirit of revenge which slowly grow in an oppressed and humiliated heart. *La Comedie du génie*, by François de Curel, is also the story of a soul. At the Théâtre de Paris *L'Homme à la Rose* has given a new study and a fresh incarnation of the eternal Don Juan. A somewhat similar motive may be detected in the last play of the well known playwright, M. Henry Bataille, *La Chair Humaine*, which was presented at the Vaudeville recently.

The main idea of the play seems to be that many or all of us who, during the War, were capable of great sentiments and noble thoughts, returned to our true nature immediately after the armistice was signed, and with the peace renewed their prejudices.

This familiar banality is exposed in the story of a certain man, Levasseur, who has two sons, one illegitimate, Boulard, and the other, known to all, Pierre. During the war Boulard has been a hero and is supposed to have been killed, whilst Pierre has only been a slacker. And, of course, the family Levasseur has been enthusiastic about the gallantry of Boulard, and the father has said many times, and has really meant it every time he has said

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it, that if Boulard had not been killed he would have felt proud to give to this noble son the name to which he was entitled. Armistice has come. It begins to be known that Boulard has not been killed as first thought but has been made prisoner in a German camp of retaliation. He comes back. And all those who were so proud of him a few months ago have had time to cool off, and are now in the grip of the old routine, and they find themselves much embarrassed, reserved, and almost hostile when he comes. This scene is excellent. Finally Boulard, who is a philosopher, understands that the praise he received while in his camp was, in fact, addressed to the war hero that he was and there is no place in this family for the man of peace that he actually is. So he decides to leave this "human flesh" and go back to his own mother. This study of the influence of extraordinary events on ordinary character of every day life is one of the best plays produced during these three last years.

So the French theatre seems to incline toward the tragedy of character. And, doing this, it may appear that it is only returning to its old tradition and to what has been the first formula of the classic theatre. In fact, however, a striking difference exists between the two. For the ancient play of characters, such as we find at its best in the tragedies of Corneille and Racine, and even more in the comedies of Molière, was always the study of a general, almost universal, character, where every spectator could detect and vindicate some part of his own humanity. The hero, in the classical theatre, was surrounded by other characters which helped him to develop his own. In the modern play, on the contrary, the hero seems to recoil upon himself, as far away from humanity as he seems to believe it elegant to be; and the external world is only to him the accidental occasion of enjoying his supernatural or ridiculously artificial isolation. The study of dramatic literature shows that whenever the theatre has given itself to the presentation of exceptional characters, its literary as well as its social value has decreased, and it has scarcely, and only for academic interest, survived its epoch. It is somewhat distressing to acknowledge that it is this course that is being followed by the French theatre of to-day.

GEORGES LECHARTIER.

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ON READING POETRY TO-DAY

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

It was Goethe who said that to act was so easy, to think was so hard. However that may be, most human beings wake up some day to discover that the only enduring resource is thinking, for thought is life and without thought there would be—could be—no life, not even any conception of it. Thought is life. Without thought there could be no consciousness that life is. The body may be a matter of concern, but a greater concern is consciousness. Edna St. Vincent Millay in her *Renascence* knows well how the sky can cave in on the flat mind:

> The world stands out on either side
> No wider than the heart is wide;
> Above the world is stretched the sky,—
> No higher than the soul is high.
> The heart can push the sea and land
> Farther away on either hand;
> The soul can split the sky in two,
> And let the face of God shine through.
> But East and West will pinch the heart
> That can not keep them pushed apart;
> And he whose soul is flat—the sky
> Will cave in on him by and by.

Matter—human bodies and all other bodies external to them—represent the necessity, the needs, checks, imprisonment and releases of existence. These consciousness must meet and use. And it is only by the uses which consciousness makes of these necessities that man becomes quit of the bondage of matter. Thought of whatever degree is a relation, not a substance.

The poet may have done all that Rossetti would have called "fundamental brain work", yet he may fail of an audience. To-day the average audience is thought-emasculated; it is glad to enjoy, but refuses to think what the meaning of a poem is, and hides behind the suspicion that it has no meaning anyhow. The

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not infrequent conclusion, however, that the poet himself did not know what he meant, does not release the reader of poetry from an obligation to discover what he can of the meaning of a poem. Instruction is for parrots, but education is to develop thinking human beings. And the object of education is not so much to make mankind ready to meet to-morrow as to grapple with to-day—even in reading—in the struggle and relaxation and joy and sorrow we call life.

Big is the world of poetry and many are its types and the functions of those types. The many unknown mansions of heaven are the known attainable mansions of poetry on this earth—an advantage for those whose imaginations refuse to be projected into Paradise. The house in poetry one reader chooses may not be at all the one someone else cares to live in. But it can be seen that the first has made a home of his both in thought and feeling; and that his love and his problems cause him the same excitement as—or similar to—those of his neighbor. That is the way with love-affairs; they have humorous similarities! These lines from a fragment of Sappho's may mean much to one lover of poetry and almost nothing to someone else: "Evening, thou bringest all that bright morning scattered; thou bringest the sheep, the goat, the child back to her mother." But lines from Sara Teasdale may mean far more to someone else and less to another:

I asked the heaven of stars
  What I should give my love—
It answered me with silence,
  Silence above.

I asked the darkened sea
  Down where the fishers go—
It answered me with silence,
  Silence below.

Oh, I could give him weeping,
  Or I could give him song—
But how can I give silence
  My whole life long?

If a poem is a trinity of feeling, thought and form, then the thought of a poem is the aspect most neglected. In the light of

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Le Bon's dictum that the æsthetic is what pleases, the lucubrations of the Sweet Singer of Michigan, Julia Moore, make the reader meditate. Her preface to *The Sentimental Song Book* is too good to be true: "Dear Friends: This book is composed of truthful pieces. All those which speak of being killed, died or drowned are truthful songs; others are 'more true than poetry'. They are all composed by the author." In all sincerity did she write *William House and Family:*

They once did live at Edgerton,
They once did live at Muskegon,
From there they went to Chicago,
Which proved their fatal overthrow.

It was William House's family,
As fine a family as you see—
His family was eleven in all,
I do not think it was very small.

The great tragedy in Julia Moore's life was when she discovered that the unmistakable popularity of her poems was due not to their art but to their artlessness, and she closed her remarkable career with the lines:

My childhood days have passed and gone,
And it fills my heart with pain
To think that youth will nevermore
Return to me again.
And now kind friends, what I have wrote
I hope you will pass o'er,
And not criticise as some have done
Hitherto herebefore.

There is a split between the usual public and the artist—the reference is not to Julia Moore and her public! If it is asked what it is the reader is chiefly eager the poet should express and whether he intends to receive a poem from the point of view of the poet who wrote it, it will be found that the usual concern of the usual reader is himself. He may widen out into an interest in life as such. But his chief interest is seldom or never art. He wishes the poet to express such feeling as he can understand and approve. On that basis, of course, much that is greatest in art the usual reader will ignore or throw into the discard. Things

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that are easy and popular are all too often cheap. All great art, like all great experience, is difficult. And from the discard of the present, the future recovers with difficulty something of the best that is lost. Even the business of creating an audience requires a standard, and that implies knowledge of life and of the world. The only material out of which a good audience can be created is a social organism filled with what Matthew Arnold would call "fresh thought, intelligent and alive".

Attitudes towards poetry are as various as its kinds. And the reader must have thought over these attitudes when he considered the problem of creating an audience or becoming part of one. Some excellent people, not ill-educated either, look upon poetry as one of the elegancies of life, withal a little superfluous. Others think poetry is sugar-water. It is, sometimes. So are some people, and there are no federal laws for putting them out of the way. Some men and women regard poetry as sentimental nonsense. In that it might be said certain types of poetry are like any cross section of human nature to be found anywhere. The most damaging of all attitudes is that which holds that poetry is inimical to the facts of life and of science. Some poetry is. The greatest poetry, speaking the common speech of common human experience and love for nature, never is.

As an energy has poetry been as useful in the life of man as electricity has been? Certainly it has been harnessed to the service of mankind for a much longer time. And, like electricity, it is an energy. Mankind has become over-practical in some ways. Possibly men need to live more in a world of ideas. Possibly it would not harm mankind to measure worth more by the amount of light from ideas it can turn on than by the number of electric bulbs in its houses. There are all sorts of aspects—unguessed at—of common things to be seen when the light from ideas is strong enough; for example, that beauty is only truth from another side; or that, according to an analogous theory of Einstein-refraction, some things comfortably fixed in beauty and truth and goodness are not at all in the position in which they are thought to be! It is even conceivable that beauty has a fourth dimension, and that the conduct on which men pride themselves, mankind may look back upon some day as having

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been as primitive from the moral decorative point of view as tattooing is from the æsthetic.

Matthew Arnold in his famous *First Series* of essays said: "Who ever sets himself to see things as they are will find himself one of a very small circle; but it is only by this very small circle resolutely doing its own work that adequate ideas will ever get current at all." The public is never stable and never to be depended upon. At one moment it despises the poet; at another makes a god of him. And with neither of these extremes can those seeking the best in beauty and in truth have anything to do. Leave the expression of beauty to the crowd and the highest expression of it likely to be achieved in poetry would be the ballad, or at best the folk song; in the drama, group activity will not travel much further in creation than the miracle play, or than in appreciation for the "movie". The approach to truth is many-sided and multiform in self-control and immolation of self. Neither truth nor beauty can be found because they are attacked with struggles and loud cries. The lover of poetry will have gone very far in the difficult art of sweeping himself out of the way before he can think—not to say write—such lines as these from Meredith's *Thrush in February:*

> Full lasting is the song, though he,
> The singer, passes: lasting too,
> For souls not lent in usury,
> The rapture of the forward view.
>
> With that I bear my senses fraught.
> Till what I am fast shoreward drives.
> They are the Vessel of the Thought.
> The Vessel splits, the Thought survives.

And it is only to the extent that a man succeeds in forgetting or losing himself that he can find those things which are of greater value.

In the greatest ages books are never the only levers for raising the mental level or lifting the dead weight of the untrained mind. Wordsworth condemned books because they were poor records of human feeling and thought. He believed that the study of human nature could be followed best among simple

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people. Our more limited American Wordsworth, Robert Frost, seems to think so, too. For example, Robert Frost would not have dared to venture out, had he not thought with Wordsworth, with such a title as *The Death of the Hired Man.*

There is no separation between poetry and life. They are one. From time to time a reader projects himself into poetry with the mistaken idea of "developing his soul", whatever that may mean. Yet the world "which is the world of all of us" is the poet's foundation upon which must rise whatever superstructure with words he builds—a twofold affair of body and spirit. Balanced love of poetry—as balanced living—means honor for the body as well as the following of those things which are called spiritual. If the human being is to be free to make the highest use of his powers, his body as a mechanism obliges him to be intelligent about it. So, in a sense, his body, which is matter, becomes a lever to something higher.

The human being who wanders into poetry looking for his soul is merely looking for himself, enlarged, in the poetry he reads. Poetry is a kind of looking-glass which he holds up, hoping it will be kind; and which he is too apt to put down as a cracked old mirror if it is unkind. But some readers live long enough to admit that the looking-glass of poetry is more interesting because it contains more than one image. Lola Ridge often holds up a mirror to human nature which seems unkind. Miss Ridge's *Ghetto* and *Sun-Up* have many pages which are difficult to face because they show brutality. Even the quietest of her songs, *Lullaby*, gives again the cruelty of that East St. Louis race riot when a white woman flung a colored baby alive into the fire:

> Rock-a-by baby, woolly and brown . . .
> (There's a shout at the door an' a big red light . . .)
> Lil' coon baby, mammy is down . . .
> Han's that hold yuh are steady an' white.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Rock-a-by baby, up to the sky!
> Look at the cherries driftin' by—
> Bright red cherries spilled on the groun'—
> Piping-hot cherries at nuthin' a poun'!
>
> . . . . . .

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An' the singin' flame an' the gleeful crowd
Circlin' aroun' . . . won't mammy be proud!
With a stone at her hade an' a stone on her heart,
An' her mouth like a red plum, broken apart.

. . . . . .

Hear all the eagah feet runnin' in town—
See all the willin' han's reach outah night—
Han's that are wonderful, steady an' white!
To toss up a lil' babe, blinkin' an' brown.

Rock-a-by baby—higher an' higher!
Mammy is sleepin' an' daddy's run lame . . .
(Soun' may yuh sleep in yo' cradle o' fire!)
Rock-a-by baby, hushed in the flame.

Indeed there comes a stage when readers tip the mirror so that they may see even those who are passing in the street below—figures Chaucer and Shakespeare would not have despised; just the eternal human pilgrimage. The greatest poetry brings not only pleasure to the ear and exaltation of the imagination but also truth and wisdom.

Poetry is the human effort to express life in some way that is satisfying. A poem is primarily a matter of emotion, secondarily of thought, and invariably of music. It is a threefold product, the medium of which is music of one sort or another, music made by means of rhythm, metre, rhyme. Poetry is something besides words: it is music. And the speech of music is not always articulate in the fashion of words. In the mind of the receiver a poem completes itself in much the same way as a musical composition. Take, for example, Swinburne. Often and undeniably the thought of his poetry remains unborn—without speech or the possibility of speech. That is a negative illustration. A positive example would be significant music beyond the reach of words or articulate thought. It is found in such a passage as this from *Tintern Abbey:*

And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose lwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,

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> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
> A motion and a spirit, that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
> A lover of the meadows and the woods,
> And mountains; and of all that we behold
> From this green earth; of all the mighty world
> Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
> And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
> In nature and the language of the sense,
> The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
> The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
> Of all my moral being.

What Wordsworth does not say in these lines is more important than what he does say, for the senses are in a higher state of communion than is possible either to reason or analysis. In this ecstasy things lose their opacity and become translucent. To quote Blake, the poet sees *through* not *with* the eye. And this super-vision, this super-meaning, great poetry always has—something which, as in music, passes beyond, is above actual or exact expression. Even Byron wrote: "What is Poetry? The feeling of a Former world and a Future. Why, at the very height of desire and human pleasure . . . does there mingle a certain sense of doubt and sorrow, a fear of what is to come, a doubt of what *is*—retrospect to the past, leading to prognostication of the future?" Every great moment in poetry is something beyond what is actually known, just as every great moment in life has revelation in it that transcends the actual. Through the reading of poetry, imagination, its relation to that which is spoken and unspoken, should be kindled. Such reading and such reading only can be called creative reading. Wordsworth would have been hard put to express in words the "elevated thoughts" which were awakened in him. Yet the fact that they were there, beyond the reach of speech, was the lever which lifted his poetry on to its highest reach. In the curious and inscrutable economy of nature speechlessness in things spiritual serves its high purpose.

Great creative epochs in literature are rare. "Because," as Matthew Arnold has said, "for the creation of a master-work of

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literature two powers must concur, the power of the man and the power of the moment, and the man is not enough without the moment; the creative power has, for its happy exercise, appointed elements, and those elements are not in its own control." Behind the creative power must be a critical power which has learned something or much about life. Man and nature are the materials of his art; and of the two, for most of us, man is the more important. Psychologically this must always remain true. Byron's knowledge of life was warped and wayward; Goethe's extensive and steady. Byron's poetry has not stood the test of years in holding interest; Goethe's has. It is easy to draw the right conclusion and to reach out towards similar tests for the challenging poetry of to-day. A mind really at work must be bound by no considerations of either caste or policy; and it must not be limited wholly to a practical world nor wholly absorbed in transcendental ideas. Only by a full impersonal consideration of human nature and the world of nature does a lofty education become possible. A poet cannot have too great knowledge nor a memory too profound. If a mind is to develop muscles, it must be free to move around unlaced by conventionality; and it must have plenty of ideas to feed upon. For the energetic mind the Victorian era, because of its mental stays and laces, was difficult to move and breathe in. We might say that a Robert Browning *per saltum* burst Victorianism, but that Matthew Arnold breathed its air with difficulty, fought its bondage in his essays, and succumbed somewhat to its strictures—at least to the point of needing that "anodyne" of which he writes so often in his poetry.

Clear thinking is scientific thinking, but that does not limit such thinking to the material of science. The art instinct is just as natural as the instinct to analyze and classify which we call scientific. The art instinct is racial, and we find it at work everywhere, from the tattooing of lines and figures on a savage up to the creation of the greatest of poems. When a people ceases to be artistic the trouble is not with art but with the civilization which has killed the instinct. It is as "scientific" to be able to think clearly about a poem or in a poem as it is to be able to think clearly about some crustacean. It is as scientific to be able to think clearly about a standard of conduct (and that im-

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plies ideas as a basis for comparison and freedom of mental movement) as it is to think clearly about some fossil of the palæozoic age. Any clear thinking means hard work, delving and digging up of material, patient assorting and classifying and patient fixing in the memory all necessary scaffolding. Haziness is inferiority. This is true mentally and it is true of the artist. Joubert has said that what is only half understood can be only half expressed—one of the reasons why facility is so deadly, for it comes from those whose comprehension is limited or inferior. It is or should be the business of the poem to make others conscious of how difficult great art—a great poem—is, either to conceive or to express.

The intention of life, the simple movement that runs through the lines, that binds them together and gives them significance, escapes the average eye. This intention is what the artist tries to regain, in placing himself back within the object by a kind of sympathy, in breaking down, by an effort of intuition, the barrier that space puts up between him and his model. Poetry breaks down innumerable barriers. It can and does, for example, bridge the gap of hundreds, even of thousands, of years. Carl Sandburg's *Cool Tombs* is a recent example of this power in poetry:

> When Abraham Lincoln was shoveled into the tombs, he forgot the copperheads and the assassin . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs.
>
> And Ulysses Grant lost all thought of con men and Wall Street, cash and collateral turned ashes . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs.
>
> Pocahontas's body, lovely as a poplar, sweet as a red haw in November or a pawpaw in May, did she wonder? does she remember? . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs?
>
> Take any streetful of people buying clothes and groceries, cheering a hero or throwing confetti and blowing tin horns . . . tell me if the lovers are losers . . . tell me if any get more than the lovers . . . in the dust . . . in the cool tombs.

Does art carry mankind on by the uses of instinct and intelligence through life to something higher? Certainly by it men manage to construct something which is higher, more beautiful than life itself. It fulfils, in the only way it ever can be fulfilled, man's longing for perfection. Art wins for humanity in a spiritual world, a world of the mind, the only contenting or

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adequate victory it will ever know. Art is the poet's very life. In one sense he is always in heaven—no doubt one of the reasons why he makes so many mistakes on this earth! And assuredly the reason why he, more than most men, suffers so from the disparity between the real and the ideal world!

Everybody can love poetry, for such love is as natural as love for the earth or for a child. Perhaps men study the philosophy of a poet, but it is not that which is primarily of interest to them, for like every love affair that ever has been or ever will be, poetry is an affair of the heart. Men set out to read poetry and make themselves very wise by much reading and much study. In the end what all readers of poetry learn is something unalterably, fundamentally human upon which all the accumulated facts and wisdom in the world can but throw light but not create: an enlarged experience.

JEANNETTE MARKS.

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MUSIC OF THE MONTH

A MYSTICAL TONE-POET

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

"THE sum total of his work has brought about an artistic revolution unequalled in the whole history of the arts. . . . He gives us a completely new system of harmony. Moreover, at the time of his death he was experimenting with the unification of the various arts of sound, light, and bodily movement; and, as if all this were not enough, he wove a system of philosophy into the art of his latest period."

Who, the reader may well ask in some excitement, is this remarkable æsthetic revolutionist whose achievements are thus summarized by a distinguished British musicologist, Dr. A. Eaglefield Hull, Mus. Doc. (Oxon.) and editor of *The Monthly Musical Record* of London? The reader shall not be needlessly tortured: This extraordinary music-maker is none other than Alexander Nicolaievitch Scriabin, who was born at Moscow in 1872 and died there in his forty-fourth year, in the second spring of the Great War. The casual reader may think that Scriabin was young to have accomplished all that Dr. Hull and his other celebrants claim for him. But let it not be forgotten that Mozart wrote his first symphony when he was eight years old, and that when he died, in his thirty-sixth year, he had composed in all forty-seven symphonies. To be sure, most of them are negligible —a truth which is indicated (though not necessarily proved) by the fact that only three of the forty-seven remain in the concert repertoire. Nevertheless, Mozart was a very pretty fellow in his day. His life was nine years shorter than Scriabin's; so let us grant, at least as an hypothesis, that it was perfectly possible for Scriabin to accomplish all that Dr. Hull and others say that he did. At all events, it is clear that his work deserves consideration. He is to-day one of the most fashionable of modern

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composers. His symphonic poems are heard in our concert-rooms with increasing frequency. It is said that in Russia he has pushed poor Tchaikovsky to the wall; and elsewhere in Europe his ghost disputes with Stravinsky the distinction of being the idol of *Les Jeunes*. We have not before discussed him in these pages; so let us now glance at certain aspects of his music—which, for our present purposes, shall be his orchestral works in their philosophical and æsthetic aspects; though his later piano pieces are worthy of special attention, and may tempt us to it at another time, in connection with an examination of what Dr. Hull calls his "revolutionary" technique.

Scriabin's vogue in the Western world began about fifteen years ago, when Mr. Modest Altschuler and his Russian Symphony Orchestra (whose services in the cause of musical education have never been adequately acknowledged) performed Scriabin's *Le divin Poème* in March, 1907. But it is only within the last decade that Scriabin has disclosed his full stature as a significant figure in contemporary music.

The later orchestral works of Scriabin cannot be fully apprehended unless it is borne in mind that for him they represented something much more than adventures in æsthetic expression. These last symphonic scores of his—*The Divine Poem*, *The Poem of Ecstasy*, and especially *Prometheus: The Poem of Fire*—do not primarily aim (in Wagner's phrase) at "the susciting of pleasure in beautiful forms". Nor are they "programme-music" in the more familiar sense of the term: music designed to convey those moods and emotions that are common to all men—joy, desire, passion, grief; the contemplation of nature, the delight of the senses in the beauty of the world. Scriabin intended these orchestral tone-poems as mystical rites, and we cannot meet him even half-way unless we try to understand his point of view, with as generous an attempt to grant his premises as we can achieve.

The essential fact to bear in mind is that Scriabin was a wholehearted and uncompromising mystic, and that he regarded music as a vehicle for the transfer of religious experience (we are speaking of the mature Scriabin, not of the earlier composer of Chopinesque salon-music). He was dubbed by those about him "the Muscovite seer"; and his friends have testified that, for him, "Art and

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Religion were one"—that he employed music as a means for "the expression of great inner truths". It was "the language in which he prophesied". Scriabin has been called a Theosophist, and undoubtedly he regarded himself as such. "He had made for himself," wrote Paul Rosenfeld in his *Musical Portraits*, "a curious personal religion, a bizarre mixture of Theosophy and Neoplatonism and Bergsonian philosophy,—a faith that prescribed transport; and these works [the symphonic poems] were in part conceived as rituals. They were planned as ceremonies of elevation and deification by ecstasy, in which performers and auditors engaged as active and passive celebrants. Together they were to ascend from plane to plane of delight, experiencing divine struggle and divine bliss and divine creativity. The music was to call the soul through the gate of the sense of hearing,—to lead it, slowly, hieratically, up through circle after circle of heaven, until the mystical gongs boomed and the mass-emotion reached the father of souls, and was become God."

Those whom Scriabin endorsed as his spokesmen have told us that he desired, like Wagner, to unite all the arts in the service of an ideal purpose. But in Scriabin's case this end was not "the perfect Drama, but the perfect Rite". In his *Prometheus* he intended that the "symphony of sounds" should be accompanied by "a symphony of color-rays"; and to that end he invented a keyboard instrument which he called a *Tastiéra per luce*, or *clavier à lumières*, by means of which effects of colored light were to be projected upon a screen, synchronizing with the progress of the music, and having a symbolic association with its expressional purposes. At the time of his death he was engaged upon a still more elaborate synthesis; a "Mystery", in which the music was to be associated not only with synchronous effects of light but with perfume and the dance as well. Thus "the secondary arts" (it has been explained) would enhance "the dominating arts—those subject to the will-power; symphonies of music, words, and gestures being accompanied by symphonies of color and light". In the projected "Mystery", no less than in the realized *Prometheus*, he endeavored to "do away with the barriers which divide the celebrants of the rite from those who are passively initiated (the onlookers and listeners), so that all shall experience the evolution

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of the creative spirit. In this way, every art will be called into requisition in order to produce an ecstatic condition, affording a glimpse of the higher spiritual planes"—thus Mrs. Newmarch, who acted as interpreter for Scriabin's mystico-æsthetic doctrines when *Prometheus* was performed for the first time in London on February 1, 1913, and whose exegesis evidently had the approval of the composer, since he consented to its being reprinted unchanged at a subsequent performance of the work. Therefore we may assume that Mrs. Newmarch spoke with authority when she proceeded to set forth the meaning which the subject of Prometheus had for Scriabin in his tone-poem.

We are warned, at the start, that the legend of Prometheus as embodied in this work "differs very widely from the version with which we have been familiarized by Æschylus and Shelley":

> The Promethean myth [Mrs. Newmarch continues] is much older than Hesiod, who relates it. It belongs, indeed, to the dawn of human consciousness. The design on the cover of the score is by M. Jean Delville, the leader of the Theosophist cult in Belgium, and shows us no ordinary conception of the Titan, "rock-rivetted and chained in height and cold," with the vulture perpetually gnawing at his vitals, but one of that class of adepts symbolized at a much later date by the Greeks under the name of Prometheus. These "Sons of the Flame of Wisdom", who were closely allied with the purely spiritual side of man, were alone able to impart to humanity that sacred spark which expands into the blossom of human intelligence and self-consciousness.
>
> According to the teaching of Theosophy, the nascent races of mankind, not yet illuminated by the Promethean spark, were physically incomplete, possessing only the shadows of bodies; sinless, because devoid of conscious personality —in Theosophical terms, "without Karma." From this condition they were liberated by the gift of Prometheus—the fire which awakened man's conscious creative power. But among those shadowy entities some were already more prepared to receive the spark than others. The more advanced understood the value of the gift, and used it on the higher spiritual planes. . . . The less highly organized turned it to gross material uses, involving suffering and evil. Thus the Promethean gift assumed a dual aspect: on the one hand it proved a boon, on the other, a curse.
>
> We have here the elements of a fairly definite and infinitely varied psychological scheme: the crepuscular, invertebrate state of Karma-less humanity; the awakening of the will to create, in both its aspects; the strange moods of bliss and anguish which follow the acquisition of self-consciousness; probably, also, the last, fierce rebellion of the lower self preceding the final ecstasy of union, when the human mingles with the divine—with Agni, the fire which receives into itself all other sparks in the ultimate phase of development.

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Thus it is evident that *Prometheus* is a work dealing with concepts far more elusive and esoteric than those which lie at the basis of even so thoroughgoing an example of "philosophical" music as Strauss's *Also Sprach Zarathustra.* And this is equally true of his other orchestral tone-poems—*Le divin Poème* and *Le Poème de l'Extase.*

Let us turn, for a moment, to the forerunner of *Prometheus, Le Poème de l'Extase.* In this work, according to Mr. Altschuler,—who was the composer's intimate friend and confidant,—Scriabin "sought to express something of the emotional side of his philosophy. He was neither a Pantheist nor a Theosophist, although his creed contained elements common to both." According to Mr. Altschuler, the expressional scheme of *Le Poème de l'Extase* "may be divided into three connected parts: (1) His soul in the orgy of love. (2) The realization of a fantastic dream. (3) The glory of his own art."

But Dr. Hull says that "the basic idea of this fourth orchestral work of Scriabin is the Ecstasy of untrammelled action, the Joy in Creative Activity"; and he quotes the lines extracted by Scriabin from his literary *Poem of Ecstasy* and used as a motto for the *Fifth Sonata,* composed immediately after the symphonic poem:

> I call you to life, O mysterious forces!
> Submerged in depths obscure
> Of the Creator Spirit, timid embryons of life,
> To you I now bring courage.

Attend, further, to Mr. Montagu-Nathan (in his *Contemporary Russian Composers*): In the *Poème de l'Extase,* he says, "the divine play of the soul reaches its apogee," and the music portrays "the spiritual movement of the soul . . . its struggle to obtain entrance into a state of energy describable as an orgy of creative activity. The soul, in an ecstasy, scorns achievement and rushes on towards the undertaking of further and mightier tasks. The soul here represents, we are told, the personal element evolving itself from the cosmic chaos."

Mr. Albert Coates has said that in the *Poème de l'Extase* "we find Scriabin's love of light. In the great climax representing the very height of ecstasy he had the picture in his mind of the human being, now freed from the fetters and trammels of everyday life,

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standing on the mountain-tops, with arms flung wide and head thrown back, bathed in a radiant splendor of dazzling golden sunlight."

Now it will be obvious to those who are familiar with mystical thought that Scriabin's philosophy, as expounded by his spokesmen, is, as Theosophical doctrine, altogether spurious. For it is wholly at variance with the Theosophical categories, which are based upon the cardinal distinction between what St. Paul called "the psychic body"[1] and that other element of the human complex, "the spiritual body." Scriabin's philosophy, as it is quintessentialized and projected in his symphonic poems, is a curious blend of exalted emotionalism and voluptuous revery. Of genuine spiritual rapture it has almost nothing. To view Scriabin as a true spiritual mystic is to misjudge his qualities.

But, happily, the music that results from his *état d'âme* is not dependent upon a philosophy for its effect. This music has an independent existence of its own; in and of itself, it communicates emotions that are purely æsthetic. Its truly rhapsodic power, its beauty that is both gorgeous and delicate, are inherent in the outgivings of Scriabin the musician, the master of an imaginative and eloquent tone-poetry. So that, even if one is loath to follow Scriabin the mystic and metaphysician along the difficult Path to that strange world the seers tell of, "the world at the back of the heavens," there remains the magician of tones who was, as Dr. Hull insists ("notwithstanding all his explainers and annotators"), the "champion of absolute music, music pure and simple. Read what you like into it". That will seem to many to be going rather too far. This music is undoubtedly a good deal more moving and impressive to those who bear in mind its special character as an expression of cumulative mystical ecstasy, than it could possibly be to those who chose to listen to it merely as a pattern of sound. Nevertheless, so divinely indulgent is the Goddess of Music, that she will yield to the listener almost anything he asks of her.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

[1] σῶμα ψυχικόν.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

FROM MAYFAIR TO PITTSBURGH[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

THE *American Diary* of Mrs. Clare Sheridan, the eminent British aristocrat, has the inestimable value and interest possessed by all frank disclosures of the foreign outlook upon our national scene; and who can doubt that Mrs. Sheridan is frank? It is the keystone of her autobiographical arch. It is her badge—her gonfalon. She wears the symbol of frankness as proudly and superbly as Cyrano wore his plume. "Deliciously frank" is the phrase contrived by her publishers to characterize the Diary. We shall not quarrel with the adverb, even though it is not precisely the one we should have chosen ourselves. But there are other epithets employed in the same public card of introduction: "Intimate, sparkling, gossipy revelations . . . of the impressions made upon this famous English society woman and sculptress by our leading men and women of society and letters." In addition, it may be recalled that Clare Sheridan is the famous lady who invaded Bolshevist Russia and persuaded Mr. Trotzky, Mr. Lenin and other distinguished Muscovites to sit for their portraits in (we suppose) clay. And then Mrs. Sheridan, as is well remembered, came back and told the world all about the insides of contemporary Russia, through the medium of a diary published in *The New York Times*.

Her career, so far as it is generally known in these parts, has therefore been one of pitiless publicity. She is, it might be respectfully said, for open-work diplomacy. This was made manifest without delay upon her arrival in America in the winter of 1921. Mrs. Sheridan, as soon as she had docked, retreated to the austere seclusion of the Biltmore; but she was immediately informed that she had better submit to the addresses of the

[1] *My American Diary*, by Clare Sheridan. Boni and Liveright: New York.

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newspaper reporters—"for if she were impatient or cross they would write something nasty" ["nasty", we hasten to remind those whose culture is of low visibility, is an Anglicism—strange to the American language—meaning simply "disagreeable"]. Mrs. Sheridan learned her lesson quickly. She was neither impatient nor cross. She even let a reporter ride with her in the taxi when she went to lunch—though she seems not to have made any attempt to get him past the butler. But no matter: she herself tells us all about those luncheons. "Hen luncheons," she calls them—"on Fifth Avenue." These functions were attended by "women with bare white chests [what color did Mrs. Sheridan fancy they would be? you cannot help wondering], pearls, and tulle sleeves. There is never a man." Mrs. Sheridan wonders if they can be contented. From this initial convocation of social poultry Mrs. Sheridan descended a bit lower—though not much lower—in the social lift. She was dropped at the *Vanity Fair* office, and there she encountered Mr. Crowninshield and Mr. Heywood Broun. Mr. Crowninshield qualified at once as "an angel", and a "humorous" angel; but Mr. Broun is more delicately extolled; his humor is "rather Latin—*moqueur*". Mr. Broun, having studied at Harvard, will know what she meant.

Two days later we find her dining at the Walter Rosen's with Mr. Louis Wiley and McEvoy the painter. It should have been a nice party; but alas, Mrs. Sheridan had to "leave hurriedly" for a lecture at Æolian Hall, where Mr. Broun, the Latin humorist, was again lying in wait for her, to introduce her to her first New York audience. Mrs. Sheridan found them "very quick and full of humor"—"on the idea before one had time to get to it oneself."

A few days later Mrs. Sheridan lunched with *The Times*. Mr. Wiley sent his car for her, and someone ("they", she says, but one suspects Mr. Rollo Ogden) gave her orchids. The next day was quieter. Mrs. Sheridan dined with Archer Huntington. It was a small party, and everyone talked low, and there was a great calm; though Mrs. Sheridan confides to us that her host treated her "like Lenin did" (Mrs. Sheridan will soon learn to speak correct American grammar)—which, if you are curious, was "smilingly and lightly", as if she were "not very serious".

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Her next adventure was at a lunch given by her publisher at the Ritz. Here Mrs. Sheridan met a white-haired, fine-featured guest, standing "6 ft. 4", whom she quaintly took for a relative of Rupert Brooke, the poet; but it turned out to be only Mr. Barney Baruch (and it is no doubt true, as Mrs. Sheridan explains, that if you say it fast and casually, it *does* sound like "Brooke"). However, Mr. Baruch proved himself "brilliant" and "interesting" and "unprejudiced", and, happily, "a friend of Winston".

Soon after we find her resorting for solace to Pittsburgh, where she went to inspect the national genius in one of its most productive manifestations, the Heinz manufactory. Here, at last, she found serenity, beauty, order. "Everything looked like a Whistler picture." She saw marble columns, fountains, marble busts on pedestals, and a frieze by an English artist representing the various Heinz processes. With fascinated eyes she watched the process of building the nest of the baked bean—saw "the flat piece of tin go into the machine, become round and soldered, move along to have its bottom put on, and, without stopping, go careering along overhead to the next floor to be mechanically filled with baked beans, and have its lid put on"—a process which, she learned, takes just four and a quarter minutes.

Thrilled and uplifted, Mrs. Sheridan boarded a sleeper (where she passed a wakeful night of horror, infuriated by the nocturnal whistling of traveling salesmen and the flouting of her midnight privacy), and returned to New York. Thereafter Mrs. Sheridan's oscillations became almost as swift and engrossing as the enchanting miracles she had witnessed in the home of the Baked Bean. On the 10th of March we find her lunching with the Morgans, where one got "the impression of being with Austrian Royalties"; and then there is a breath-catching transition to Croton, where Mr. Boardman Robinson—"looking like Judas Iscariot, or maybe it's St. Peter"—is to be found lying on his stomach in the grass listening to a girl singing old English folk songs, while Floyd Dell emerges from behind his briary bush, and others of the Hudson Intelligentzia stroll about in blouse shirts and corduroy trousers, "like French *ouvriers*".

And then Mrs. Sheridan went West, to Movieland, where she

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had her famous encounter with Charlie Chaplin. She was permitted to "work on Charlie's head"—by which she means that she made a bust of it; and meanwhile she enjoyed the opportunity of studying the great man at his ease. It appears that Charlie's home-life was moody, fluctuant, and slightly sybaritic. He started the morning in a serious vein, garbed in a brown silk dressing gown. But soon his mood changed; he went upstairs and reappeared in an orange and primrose gown. Later, there was a camping trip. Tents were pitched in a quiet spot by the sea, and late into the night they sat over the camp-fire. "A half-moon rose, and little veils of sea, like gossamer, swept over the dunes, and the shiny eucalyptus stems cast black shadows. Mingling with the cries of the night-birds came the rhythmical sound of the sea. One by one the lanterns in the camp flickered and went out. Charlie sat huddled up before the flame, an elfin, elemental creature with gleaming eyes and tousled hair, his little nervous hands raking the embers with a stick. His voice was very deep, the voice of a much bigger man. He ruminated moodily. He said it was 'too much—too great—too beautiful—there are no words—'" Mrs. Sheridan sees for Charlie a great future. "He is so immensely bigger than the work he is engaged in. I believe that if he survives, he may in a very few years take a very big place in our international public life." Mrs. Sheridan envisions him standing for Parliament—for she has heard him "make impassioned speeches to imaginary crowds. He has harangued the sand-dunes". It is an enthralling vision: Charlie in the Cabinet . . . Charlie as Prime Minister . . . Sir Charles . . . Lord Hollywood. . . .

We come, now, to Mrs. Sheridan's conclusions upon the subject of American civilization. She has ranged widely over the national scene, from Charlie's bungalow to the Morgan Library. You have a wild, confused, phantasmagoric impression of blended extremes—mixtures of things that don't mix, yet seem to have accomplished the impossible: Fifth Avenue "hen luncheons" with the tomato sauce of the Heinzes; Mr. Bob Chanler, with his "roar like a bull", singing old English folk songs with Floyd Dell; General Vanderbilt whistling himself to sleep in an upper berth. Yet Mrs. Sheridan herself is clear, definite, convinced. Our

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society is "purely social", not intellectual; and hence dull. Elsewhere in the world, a dull society may be varied by its vice. But here we are "less vicious (apparently) and more dull, less intellectual, and more overwhelmingly conventional. In the United States, the Puritan origin has dominated over all other races with which it has eventually become amalgamated; stronger than the Latin is the Puritan—stronger than the German, the Dutch, the Irish, or the Jew. In this amazing country even the mature foreign element is bent, broken, molded, forced into an American! And in a very short space of time. It is this standardization that surpasses individuality. . . ." But let us close upon a happier note. Mrs. Sheridan found here one institution which she can unqualifiedly indorse—the American firefly. Let her tell it in her own lyric prose: "We were sitting on the piazza at dusk [this was at Rye, N. Y., on Long Island sound]. It was a Sunday night. I had one of the great surprises of my life. It will be as memorable as any of the big events that have come to me. I asked, pointing to the bushes: 'Am I mad? What is that?' 'That is a firefly.' I had heard vaguely of fireflies, but no one had ever described to me what a June night in America could be like." Mrs. Sheridan yearns for an American poet who will sing about the fireflies—as, she says, "W. B. Yeats has written of Ireland that '*the night was full of the sound of linnets' wings.*'" Ah, no, confiding Diarist: he wrote something quite different. How can you, with your sensitive artist's soul, bear to misquote a perfect line from a perfect poem? Let us quote, for our pleasure and your refreshment, the matchless lyric that you have jazzed—

> And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
> Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
> There midnight's all a-glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
> And evening full of the linnet's wings.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

DOGBERRY. You are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.
SECOND WATCH. How if a' will not stand?
DOGBERRY. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave.

THE Genoa Conference, comprising, as we have been reproachfully reminded a thousand times, all nations that were implicated in the Great War save only the United States, was conceived and convened as an exclusively economic body, from which all politics should be inexorably barred. That was the tenor of the invitations to it, acceptance of which implied a pledge to that effect. Also, an unwritten law, as binding upon every honorable nation as though it were a written, signed and sealed convention, forbade any of the participants to engage in any private negotiations among themselves, and required all that was done to be done with the knowledge and in the presence of all. To that Conference Germany and Soviet Russia were invited, for the first time since the war, to sit as equals at the council board of the nations. And their first acts of consequence were to violate flagrantly the two fundamental principles of the Conference, by making a secret treaty between themselves, and by injecting into the deliberations of the Conference purely political issues of a highly controversial character. The Powers promptly, and most properly, bade them stand—annul their treacherous treaty, and withdraw their political issues. This the culprits as promptly and curtly refused to do. Whereupon the majority of the Powers seemed inclined to take no note of them but to let them go—or have their own way. That those two Governments, which had been admitted to the Conference only on sufferance, should have acted with so gross indecency, can scarcely excite surprise; "for 'tis their nature to." That their offense should be regarded by most of the Powers with tolerance and substantial

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acquiescence may not provoke us to censoriousness, which would be uncalled-for in a matter which is no direct business of ours, but it must add a special fervor to our thankfulness that we at least are not in that galley.

The treacherous Treaty of Rapallo affords another illustration of the repetitions of history, being the third such performance by the same two countries within a single lifetime. Just thirty-five years ago Germany, under Bismarck's direction, coerced Italy and Austria-Hungary into joining her in a Triple Alliance against France and Russia; and then, before the ink was fairly dry upon the signatures to that instrument, Germany entered into a secret alliance with Russia against Austria-Hungary and Italy. Such was the cynical morality of the "Honest Broker". Thirty years later, at the crisis of the World War, Germany and Soviet Russia made the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, in which the latter betrayed her allies as actually as the former had potentially betrayed hers a generation before. Now the triple cord of treachery is completed by the same delectable pair in the Treaty of Rapallo; an equally flagrant betrayal not indeed of allies but at least of those Powers which had with unexampled generosity consented to repose in them the confidence due only to faith-keeping nations. Strange, that conduct should be condoned among nations which among self-respecting individuals would not be countenanced for a moment. Still more strange—or perhaps less so, in view of the sequence of the events—is the widely proclaimed assumption that Germany and Russia will presently be taken into the full fellowship of the League of Nations and that then the United States will simply have to enter that same fold.

The great coal strike has evoked many suggestions, requests and demands for intervention by the Federal Government, in accord with the precedent set by President Roosevelt in 1902, when the last former strike occurred in the anthracite region. That precedent seems, however, to be not correctly remembered or understood by those who have clamored for instant and dictatorial action; the fact being that President Roosevelt was conspicuously deliberate and non-dictatorial; and though in the end

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his course proved effective and satisfactory, it led to settlement through precisely such a compromise as many are now inclined to condemn in advance. In April, 1902, the miners demanded shorter hours, better pay, and recognition of their union, all of which the operators refused. The miners then proposed but the operators refused arbitration; and repeated efforts by the National Civic Federation aggravated rather than ameliorated the trouble. Early in May a general strike began, but not until a month later, when the mines began to be flooded and the distress of famine prevailed in that region, did the President attempt to effect a settlement. His proposal of arbitration was rejected, whereupon he contented himself with directing his Commissioner of Labor to investigate and report upon the general conditions of the mining industry. The "fight to a finish" went on, with much arson, dynamiting, rioting and loss of life. Thousands of State troops were sent to the field, and demands were made upon the President (by the mine operators) for Federal troops, which he refused. At the beginning of October, five months after the beginning of the strike, when the price of coal had risen five or six fold and the public faced winter weather with empty bins, the President again called the leaders of both sides into conference at the White House, but again without avail. But ten days later, through the coöperation of Mr. J. P. Morgan, who had returned from Europe, President Roosevelt got both sides to submit to arbitration, pending the result of which the miners immediately returned to work, more than five months after the beginning of the strike. More than five months later still the arbitrators made their report, exactly "splitting the difference" between the demands of the miners and the contentions of the operators; a compromise which was loyally accepted by both sides and which remained in force for nineteen years, until the present spring. Such was the "precedent" set for Presidential intervention at this time. Perhaps the most pertinent and significant comparison between the two cases is that which shows the root of the trouble to be precisely the same in both, to wit, over-development of the mining industry. So many mines are being operated that if they are kept going all the time there is a production of coal thirty per cent or more in excess of the demand

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and use. The mines are therefore shut down and the men thrown into idleness about one-third of the time, and the men have to maintain themselves and their families for three-thirds of the time on the earnings of only two-thirds. Obviously a man is better off if he works 300 days for five dollars a day than if he gets seven dollars a day and works only 200 days. We must therefore regard it as a hopeful symptom that many men are quitting the mines and taking up farming or other occupations. If their places are not filled, but there is a material permanent reduction of the mining force, it will be for the good of all concerned.

Much more attention has been paid to the dismissal—without charges—of a score of employees of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing than was generally given to the wholesale demoralization of the Civil Service during the preceding Administration; perhaps because much better things are expected of the present than were expected of the former régime. There appears to have been no violation of the spirit and intent of the law, the only question undetermined at this writing being whether certain technicalities of procedure were observed. Immeasurably more serious was the action of Congress in exempting from the Civil Service law the army of agents for the enforcement of the Volstead Act. This utterly indefensible thing was done, it is said, at the solicitation—dictation would perhaps be the better word—of the Anti-Saloon League propagandists. The result, according to Mr. William Dudley Foulke, Acting President of the National Civil Service Reform League, has been that "this branch of the service is so honeycombed with corruption that it is known that hundreds of thousands of dollars of graft have been taken by those engaged in it, some of whom are under indictment". Some members of both Houses of Congress seem to look upon this state of affairs with complacence, and are assuming an attitude of hostility to the entire merit system. It should be very distinctly and emphatically understood by all whom it may concern that while on the one hand the American people do not want the Administration to be embarrassed, its work to be impeded, and its economies to be balked, by the enforced retention of dishonest, incompetent or superfluous employees, on the other hand

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with equal resolution they are determined not to permit the merit system to be broken down or impaired and the Government to be dragged back into the debauch of spoilsmanship.

The death of the Pundita Ramabai, occurring almost simultaneously with the arrest and imprisonment of Mr. Mohandas Gandhi, suggests an instructive contrast between two of the most noteworthy figures that have arisen in India in our day. Coming of a far more exalted caste and lineage than Mr. Gandhi, and possessing probably higher culture and fuller education,—she was the first Indian woman that ever received the highest academic degree of Sarasvati,—Ramabai consistently aimed at constructive instead of destructive work; she advocated instead of forbidding coöperation with British official and other agencies; she sought to utilize instead of renouncing the modern arts of European and American civilization for the benefit of India; and she accepted instead of rejecting the Christian religion. Thus in almost every important particular she was the exact opposite of Mr. Gandhi. We may unhesitatingly add that the work which she achieved for the education and emancipation of the women of India, and particularly for their redemption from the appalling curse of child-widowhood, greatly outranks in value anything which has thus far been set down to Mr. Gandhi's credit.

The entrance of Arthur James Balfour into the House of Lords follows his acceptance of the most exalted of all the Orders of Knighthood, but is of objective more than subjective significance. There will be no change in spirit from the Great Commoner to the Belted Earl. The scion of one of the proudest and most ancient families of the peerage and imbued with the very quintessence of aristocracy, he has always been masterfully democratic at heart, as both his political course at home and his cordial and affectionate regard for America have shown, and he will be none the less democratic in spirit in his seat in the Gilded Chamber. The chief purport of his translation is the cumulative demonstration which is thus given of the radically changing character of the House of Lords. While a large proportion of the members of that body hold their places by inheritance, the overwhelming

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majority of those who exercise real influence are men who won their spurs in statesmanship as Commoners, or who earned peerages by their great achievements in literature, science or art. When we think of the House of Lords to-day we think of such men as Bryce, Morley, Milner, Curzon, Kelvin, Northcliffe, Mount Stephen, Allenby and their compeers. Into such company it does not seem unfitting or incongruous for the Earl of Balfour of Whittingehame to enter.

The commemoration of the centenary of the birth of Ulysses S. Grant was not dimmed nor dwarfed by contrast with the great captains of a far greater war than that in which he rendered his priceless services and won his undying fame. Indeed, its interest was strikingly enhanced by the participation of one of the very greatest—perhaps we might also say, most Grant-like—of those later commanders. For it was happily possible for Marshal Joffre on that anniversary day to be in New York, to pay tribute at the Riverside mausoleum, and to unveil a monumental bust of the great American soldier in the Hall of Fame—which, with characteristic taste worthy of immortal remembrance, he elected to do, wearing the uniform of a Marshal of France rather than the robe of a Doctor of Laws with which the University on that occasion invested him. It would be unprofitable to attempt comparison or contrast between Grant and Marshal Joffre, or any other commander of the Great War. Yet he must be lacking in perception who does not see a likeness so marked as to amount to practical identity between them in what must after all be accounted the supreme respect. One of his shrewdest and keenest critical observers declared that it was in and through his moral greatness, more than all else, that Grant rose to preëminence in the Civil War; and it was precisely that quality which enabled Marshal Joffre to achieve salvation for mankind in the Miracle of the Marne.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE POETIC MIND. By F. C. Prescott, Professor of English, Cornell University. New York: The MacMillan Company.

The work undertaken by Professor Prescott in his book, *The Poetic Mind*, is genuinely needed. Here is no mere classification of literary effects, or eloquent avowal of faiths and preferences, but an attempt at fundamental analysis. Emphatically, it is the poetic *mind*—not simply poetry or poetic people—that is Professor Prescott's theme, and he has undoubtedly chosen the right way to get at the root of the real question. Is poetry mere vagary or mere technique? Is it prophecy or embroidery? Has it a gospel, or does it merely afford an outlet for all manner of emotion? Most of all, is there any ground for the insistence of so many poets upon that tenuous entity called Beauty, and is one who devotes his life to the service of this ideal to be admired or to be scorned? These and a hundred other questions come crowding, the moment we drop the professionally literary manner and endeavor to be human in our consideration of poetry.

One cannot be permanently contented with a poetic criticism which, however inspired and poetic in itself, tends to be occult, vague and temperamental. Nor can we altogether rid ourselves of the difficulty by taking a mainly objective view of the poetic process, as Max Eastman does in his illuminating book upon the appreciation of poetry. It is not enough to know that poetic modes of expression are as common and as instinctive with all sorts of people as prosaic forms of speech; that there is poetry in slang, and that poetry is in the very fibre of our language. What Mr. Eastman has told us about imaginative realization as opposed to purposive thinking is especially helpful, but does not solve the whole problem. Back of all else, there is in the mind of the average person a more or less justifiable "all or nothing" attitude toward poetry. Either this art, with all its extravagances and its quasi-spiritual claims, is justified, or it isn't! And in the latter case it is only a polite amusement, involving in many cases what seems a quite disproportionate "expense of spirit."

There is really no escape from this dilemma. If the public is pleased with such poets as Longfellow and Tennyson, in whom ecstasy is considerably tempered with tact and common sense, along come the critics presently to say that these are, after all, hardly to be reckoned among the greatest poets. Poetry cannot deny its own sense of superiority; it cannot conceal its own claims to inspiration without ceasing to be poetry. Whether one applies the

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romantic test—the test of "the light that never was, on sea or land"—or the classic test of universality, the criterion of "the grand style," it is all the same: in each case there is reference to something lofty and not very intelligible. And if we cannot believe in "the consecration and the poet's dream," if we cannot maintain our faith in this despite the absurdities and the childishness with which poetry often seems to be allied, if we cannot, in short, take Shelley seriously, a considerable number of us will be unable to read poetry with any real contentment, though we may continue to be critics or professors of literature and to consider ourselves persons of acute literary discernment.

It is the signal merit of Professor Prescott's book that it presents this question of *inspiration* as the central problem and attacks it boldly. The author propounds queries that would have seemed almost sacrilegious to the poetry-lovers of a century ago, and he has the courage to answer them in a way that risks the appearance of absurdity in the eyes of those who to-day would like to see poetry stripped of all mystery.

The simple truth, as Professor Prescott sees it, is that poetry *is* largely a result either of inspiration or of a more or less successful effort to imitate the ways of inspiration. But what is this inspiration, and whence does it come?

The author finds his answer in the unconscious. He does not seem quite certain, it is true, whether the unconscious is to be regarded as a sort of psychic ocean, or reservoir of cosmic intelligence, as F. W. H. Myers conceived it, or merely as a collection of "neurograms" (nerve traces), which is the view of Dr. Morton Prince. But, on the whole, he shows a decidedly open mind toward the former hypothesis, almost the only hypothesis, be it said, which seems capable of reconciling science with poetry. Through fascinating pages, he draws out the similarities between dream and poetry and the relation of poetic creativeness to such phenomena as those of multiple personality. By and large, the effect of all this is to impart great vitality to the subject under discussion. Poetry, at lowest, is part of our human heritage—like love and hate, religion and war, and many other things good and bad. It is bound up with our nerve cells, and with the organizations of our brains. It may be as haunting as a guilty conscience, or as inspiring as our unexplained good impulses. At all events, it originates not in the region of superficial fancy and speculation, but in the psychic depths. There, it *may* have access—who knows?—to deeper sources of wisdom than the conscious self is aware of. It behooves us, at any rate, to treat it with respect.

The final impression, however, that is left upon one by this excellent book is that we live in an age of twilight speculation and half-science, an age in which robust faith and serene delight are difficult to attain. Thus, poetry in seeking the support of the psychologists seems to compromise herself a little, as does religion when she seeks help in spiritualism. Our knowledge is incomplete. We know enough to be wise, but not enough to be confident in our joys.

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ASIA AT THE CROSSROADS. By E. Alexander Powell. New York: The Century Company.

In reading books about the Far East one is more or less distressed by the feeling, not that the author lacks information—there is usually even a superabundance of interesting facts—but that there is a certain inequality of information. One suspects no bias, yet is somehow aware of a temperamental leaning. Sentiment seems to determine the attitude of writers on this subject to a greater degree than one would antecedently think probable. Thus, while nearly every book of this class reveals some new aspect of a large situation involving difficult problems, one can seldom feel confident that the emphasis given to facts is quite correct.

An exception to the general rule seems to be Mr. Powell's *Asia at the Crossroads*. The author appears to have written in the expectation that his book would be read, in some cases at least, by those from whom he has obtained information or toward whom he feels for other reasons a certain responsibility. Under these circumstances he has chosen to be quite frank and at the same time to abjure all special pleading. He lays considerable stress, for example, upon the dual nature of the goverment of Japan and upon the importance of the "unseen" government which so often works at cross purposes with the official organs of the Government. But there is nothing accusatory in this. There is little or no true public opinion in Japan, he declares, giving in support of this statement not mere evidence (of the kind that so often fails to convince), but a real explanation of causes and effects. If he perceives the militaristic tendencies of Japanese foreign policy, he also sees no reason why Japan should not be permitted peacefully to penetrate China through the channels of trade. Markets are an absolute necessity to Japan. Some sort of expansion she must have. Faced by three grave and pressing problems,—that of finding sources of raw materials for her factories, that of finding markets for her manufactured products, and that of finding room for the expansion of her surplus population,—she can hardly be expected to be quite so altruistic in her outlook as America can well afford to be. "That her expansion should be at the expense of other and weaker nations is unfortunate, but under the circumstances unavoidable. . . . But Japan must abandon once for all her old policy of monopolization and coercion."

In other words, Mr. Powell wishes to stand for that measure of international morality which seems humanly possible in the world as it now is—this and no more. Humanly speaking, we are well off when individuals, classes, nations, follow out the promptings of their own natures with decency, moderation, and good faith. We ought not to complain that politicians are not saints, but rather to rejoice that there is such a person as a good politician. So it is reasonable to hope for a decent and moderately well-intentioned nationalism in all countries. But it is unreasonable to expect that every nation and every individual will conform strictly to abstract principles; they cannot so easily alter their conditions or their heredity.

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Most writers on China fluctuate between admiration for the wonderful qualities of the Chinese people—taking "qualities" in an absolute sense and not as relative characteristics implying equivalent weaknesses—between this and despair over the political situation. Mr. Powell has little patience with the predatory methods employed by various foreign nations, yet he perceives clearly enough the farcical nature of Chinese attempts at republican self-government. There is, however, a measure of justice that can be secured for China without carrying principles of "self-determination" to the verge of absurdity. China should certainly have, for example, control of her own custom house.

Similarly in appraising the results of Japanese occupation of Korea and in dealing with the question of independence for the Philippines, Mr. Powell shows an equal fairness and an equal regard for facts. One detects no political bias in his discourse, no temperamental leaning toward "strong government" and no excess of sympathy for the under dog; no favoritism for any one race or people, though obviously he has had intimate relations with all of whom he writes.

On the whole, there is in this book uncommonly little that savors of propaganda, sentiment, or political theorizing. It is generally satisfactory and convincing.

WALL SHADOWS: A Study in American Prisons. By Frank Tannenbaum. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Tannenbaum's book is distinguished from most of what has been written about American prisons, not so much by the concreteness of his evidence—though the book is based upon thorough personal investigations—as by the acuteness and vigor of the author's analysis of prison psychology—the psychology of the prisoner and still more that of the jailer.

"Brutality," says the author, "is a constant factor—constant as the prison itself; and the publicity which upon occasion makes it known to the public bears only an accidental relation to the thing itself." Cruel penalties become common, not altogether through any innate disposition toward cruelty on the part of those possessing despotic authority, but mainly through the limitation of the field of punishment. When a man has been sent to prison—has been deprived of liberty and of personal property—the resources of further punishment to secure discipline are crude and few. Physical man-handling is a more or less logical result. The keeper, too, is a prisoner, living all day long in an atmosphere of suppressed emotion. There is, moreover, a conflict of two codes of morality. The prisoner feels that he is much better than the keeper and certainly as good as most people in the community. He is often convinced that all people are crooked, and that the only exceptional feature of his own case is that he has been caught. He is wrong, but it is a fact that he thinks thus; he feels it necessary to his self-respect to take this view, and consequently he will adhere to it. On the other hand, the keeper tends to suffer a disintegration of character from association with those whom he naturally deems vastly

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inferior to him in the moral scale. A peculiarly subtle and almost irresistible form of egoism comes in on both sides, and under prison conditions only a saintly character could resist its influence. Naturally, neither prisoners nor keepers "grow into plaster saints." It is the system that is wrong.

The best remedy that has thus far been found seems to be the "prison democracy" advocated by Thomas Mott Osborne. Mr. Tannenbaum goes much further than this. Professionalization of prison administration and the destruction of present prison buildings are to him only beginnings. Ultimately he would do away with prisons altogether and would abandon the conception of *punishment*. For these extremer views he can hardly hope to gain acceptance or even serious consideration from the majority of his readers; yet a number of his less sweeping suggestions, such as the establishment of an institution for the examination and classification of convicts and the regular employment of indeterminate sentences, seem enlightened and practical. The really convincing ideas, however, grow out of the author's acute perception of prison psychology. The most striking result of experiments with prison democracy has been the discovery that under this system "the man who is the most insistent upon group approval—that is, the most sensitive and rebellious type under the old system—becomes the most social and serviceable type under democratic organization." The method, moreover, appears to have survived the severest test—that of its ability to deal with the *professional* criminal.

Wall Shadows is a book that is "human" without being in the least sentimental; it is well informed and analytical, yet savors not at all of the academic manner of the professional criminologist.

THE OPPIDAN. By Shane Leslie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Leslie must have written *The Oppidan* largely for his own satisfaction: the book, if it sometimes wears the appearance of a satire, strikes one as on the whole a labor of love. There is something mysterious in the care with which the author lingers over the pettiest details and spreads a certain glamour over features admittedly mean and unpleasant. A labor of love, then, surely—else why this more or less rapt dwelling upon traditions that are at the same time more or less effectively exposed as snobbish or unreasonable? But the book seems somewhat at war with itself—there is a subdued note of satire and protest throughout the story.

It would be an easy way of dismissing the whole question merely to say that the novel is a realistic story of Eton. But this would be a mere contradiction of terms. Who can write a realistic story of school life, except, perhaps, as part of a larger story? School life is romantic or nothing and it is romantic in its own peculiar way. A purely realistic story of Eton or any other school would be unreadable—nor would a genuinely romantic story of school life be much more acceptable. It is in vain that Professor Canby of Yale points out that our American college life affords perhaps the largest field of romance as

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yet unexplored. School life is neither realistic nor romantic—but youthful; that is, full of fun, immature emotions, and crude thinking. Its charm would be utterly destroyed by the dead-earnest, dry-as-dust method of realism; it will not lend itself to the grand manner of traditional romance; and it is, with all its follies and its sincerities, too obvious for the method of the newer romance, which makes life, above all else a complex affair mingled of love and mystery and fate and brute fact. To the schoolboy and the college man, life is generally simple. Try to write of it in any of the truly literary ways, and you will have the boys grinning behind your back.

And so it is no wonder that Mr. Shane Leslie's story of Eton strikes one as a somewhat perplexing compromise between realism and romance, and also as anything but a good story of the immortal Tom Brown type. One cannot remember another tale which one has found at once so persistently engaging and yet so repellant. The atmosphere is so thick, so vivid, so attractive to any one who has, so to speak, the school instinct, and the maze of meanness, snobbery, tradition, social intricacies, poor ambitions, high ideals, irrational customs, noble symbolism, cheap naughtiness, trifling rivalries, and high-minded school patriotism, is so utterly baffling to interest! To live among the young, to play their games and to share their point of view, is exhilarating; but to be plunged into a fictional world in which boys play football listlessly and a caste of classical masters maintains an attitude of scornful neutrality toward a caste of mathematical masters, one feels to be stifling. It is all as absurd, in its way, as the game of croquet in *Alice's Adventures*, and as dryly inhuman as Swift's *Battle of the Books*.

Perhaps what one misses is merely the note of ingenuous sentiment. The taste for sentiment is not a high one, but if there is a place for it this place would seem to be in the story of school life.

A recognizably veracious picture of Eton before the war, *The Oppidan* unquestionably is; but it will scarcely find its way into the minds and hearts of most American readers. One's final impression is that there is a quality of exclusiveness about the whole performance which is identical with the tone of the institution. Let no one naïvely try to love Eton through the medium of this story—Mr. Leslie will not let him! And one also feels somehow warned against formulating for oneself any unfavorable criticisms of the school. Eton is Eton!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LUXURY, ART AND WAR

SIR:

If, as Rear-Admiral Fiske says, in a recent article in THE REVIEW entitled *Luxury and War*, one can hardly avoid the conclusion that war is the twin brother of civilization, one can go farther in this family connection, with little fear of contradiction, and say that luxury is the same. In fine, these are triplets, war, civilization and luxury. For is it not the commonly implied definition of present civilization, that our wonderful advances in Science are the gauge of human advancement during the last seventy-five years? And what is civilization if not human advancement? To all of which I, like the rest, murmur a prayerful "Amen". But when I have stopped praying, and begin to think, how is it that my mind keeps reverting to the well-known phrase about sudden death, which is bracketed with battle, though made upon us by civilization's smoke and noise and haste. And where is the real difference when you are run down and killed, or only mangled, by the motor car of business? Truck or limousine matters not. Deaths were counted by thousands and casualties by many thousands from such warfare of civilization, last year, in our streets. And it is safe to predict that these numbers will be materially increased next year. But I would be fair and not forget that these dead were taken to undertaking establishments, and these wounded to hospitals, far more promptly than would have been the case half a century ago when we were far less advanced.

Admiral Fiske also says that war is waged for obtaining luxuries, and that women create the demand for luxuries, and man, being gallant, goes forth to war for those things which are productive of luxuries. The Admiral is doubtless prepared. He needs to be, for he may expect a prompt and savage feminist attack. Between Twenty-third and Fifty-ninth streets in New York more than in any other area in the world of equal size you will see the fundamental causes of war, he says. Now what do you see there over and above furs, velvets, satins, feathers and splendid motor cars of the latest and most scientific make? Is it not antiques, old furniture, old porcelains, old masters, priceless and made in an age that knew no machinery, no scientific advance, much less strides; an age of little smoke, little noise and small haste? It is these things of a past civilization that cost most, and set the highest standards of the present; things all our science cannot produce; things it takes all our science to produce the wherewithal to purchase; things new palaces cannot exist without; things the great museums covet, and in connection with which

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they pray to be testamentarily named. This craze of collecting, public and private, always the sign of an age that is not first rate artistically, cannot be better described than it is by Clive Bell when he says: "A cultivated person is one on whom art has not impressed itself, but on whom it has been impressed—one who has not been overwhelmed by the significance of art, but who knows that the nicest people have a peculiar regard for it." It is this that is being done to us as a people, and it is so the shops, museums and colleges hope to make us a cultivated people. And the support of these is the woman who requires luxuries and the man who fights to get them for her.

We have just fought a great war against Germany and been successful in our part, a small one beside that of Britain and France. The letting of blood is over, but the economic war is just beginning and in that war we, as the richest people on earth, shall take the largest part. We are, because the richest, the most luxurious. Few will deny this. A line in Juvenal's sixth Satire is at least worth thinking about: "Now we suffer the evils of long peace; luxury, more deadly than war, broods over us and avenges a conquered world." To those who object that we are just out of war, it is useless to reply, because they can never be made to realize the difference between tasting war as the United States did, and living on or through it for years as the Allied nations did.

ALFRED MANSFIELD BROOKS.

Bloomington, Indiana.

FOSSILS AND GERMS IN IGNEOUS ROCKS

SIR:

You owe your readers both an explanation and an apology for the publication in your April issue of an article by W. H. Ballou on *The Multiple Origin of Man*. Without attempting to discuss the entire article or committing myself at all on the subject of evolution, I will call your attention to the following on page 553, which is utterly misleading both in statement and interpretation:

> The great litholite which fell near Knyahinya, Hungary, proved a veritable mine of fossil forms. Hahn tabulated them as organic sponges, corals, crinoids, etc., small, but perfect in internal and external structure He thus established the universality of life in space. The inference is, that living forms could arrive as well as fossil types.

As a matter of fact a German by the name of Hahn did in 1880 publish a work entitled *Die Meteorite (Chondrite) und Ihre Organismen*. He figured numerous microscopic forms which he imagined to represent corals, crinoids, etc. In this he was almost immediately shown to be utterly wrong. The forms described were peculiar crystallizations of silicate minerals resulting from the hasty cooling of a molten magma in which organic life could not possibly have existed. From that day to this, no worker with more than a rudimentary knowledge of the subject has accepted Hahn's views, and fur-

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ther no meteorite has yielded up to date any certain indication of animal or vegetable remains.

Very truly yours,
GEORGE P. MERRILL.
(Head Curator of Geology
U. S. National Museum)

Washington, D. C.

[We have no objection to repudiation of Herr Hahn. Within the last few months, however, Dr. Galippe, the distinguished laureate of the French Academy of Science and the Academy of Medicine, in conjunction with his colleague Dr. Soufflaud, communicated to the Academy of Sciences the results of experiments which he considered to be convincing proof of the existence not merely of fossil forms but of actually vital germs of life in meteorites, igneous rocks, quartz, granite and basalt, and volcanic lava, which had been subjected to temperatures of from 400 to 3920 deg. Fahr. Dr. Galippe held that at the origin of the terrestrial crust the micro-organisms of the waters were mingled with sediments and then, under enormous pressures, became embodied in crystallized rocks; that they passed through these changes without losing their vitality or their capability of revivification; and that it is possible now to demineralize them and restore them to activity and reproductive potency.—EDITOR.]

NATIONAL CAPITAL AND INCOME

SIR:

Cannot the nation's business be considered in the light of a unit and the causes of existing effects be ascertained therein? If it may be thus considered, our resources may be stated as follows:

Real Value	$245,000,000,000
Capital Resources	205,000,000,000
Total	$450,000,000,000

The Statistical Abstract for 1920 shows income from capital resources to be $36,000,000,000, which is six and one-half per cent on capital invested, or capital resources and real value liquidated. However, $36,000,000,000 of income from total capital resources and real value figure gives us but one-twelfth of one per cent per annum.

This being the absolute truth of the income figures of the United States, what is to be done to increase our income figures?

Further to inflate capital resources is to reduce income even more and increase real value figure, but will not realize cash net income increase.

Thus we see the utter futility of our government and business borrowing methods. By such methods liquidations can only be accomplished by

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sacrifice of our capital resources and real value, if we are unable to discount our obligations for cash.

Truly the nations of the entire world are cramped and bound around by their inability to supply a discount system elastic enough to absorb their entire indebtedness. Each nation retains control of its medium of exchange issue, the scope and volume of which is unlimited. Yet they borrow and tax each other and well nigh ruin themselves instead of using their unlimited power, the medium of exchange, to absorb their entire and total value at a small cost of one or two per cent. This is but business and service to business. If we cannot obtain banking service from our governments in emergencies such as these, then how do we expect ever to eliminate the waste from our present method of business, which waste is insolvency and sacrifice of capital resource for cash?

Truly we should extend our powers of realization, that greater values may be obtained. We cannot count far enough to do us any good.

J. F. ALBITZ.

Portland, Oregon.

WHAT ARE "THINGS" COMING TO?

SIR:

After reading *Things Are in the Saddle*, in a recent issue of THE REVIEW, I came near pitching a manuscript of mine into the fire. Ellen Burns Sherman had expressed it so much better.

But perhaps I should not take that view, as the gospel is in sad need of being spread, if not gracefully, then awkwardly. People who read THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW are already equipped with finer discrimination, and less in need of these reminders, than he (I mean she) who is being pelted from all sides of his (her) column by advertisements of *things*.

Arnold Bennett, I believe it was, recently wrote that he would not be surprised at the appearance of an "anti-lux" crusade, though he did not expect it very soon. Will it turn out that you have made the first cry?

At this point in the argument I might be reminded of the present "buyers' strike", but I would call that more of a necessity than a virtue, and believe that should unusual prosperity again descend on an untaught generation we would also witness again a frenzied era of silk shirts.

A look around, and especially into one of those places where you so delightfully pictured poor Adam and Eve, convinces me that we are almost hopelessly steeped in the school which is always telling us to be a "hustler" and a "go-getter". Yet we may some day pile the *things* to such a height that their very top-heaviness will cause a crash.

GEO. W. RHODES.

Madison, Wisconsin.

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